THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

That a question of profound religious significance is involved in the present war is the conviction of very many. It is not always very clear, however, what the question is. It is not sufficient to describe the Nazi or Fascist view of the State with its drastic curtailment of individual liberties and in consequence its infringement of personality. For a democracy as well as a dictatorship must more or less in peace-time, and quite drastically in war-time, curtail individual liberties. It is a matter of more or less, and a clear religious crisis cannot logically be deduced. The Fascist view of the State is anything but new. Mussolini in writing on Fascism might have been transcribing Hobbes, and Hobbes was no innovator.

The religious crisis emerges when a rival to the Christian *Welt-anschauung* becomes manifest. If it can be shown that Hitler's philosophy is that of Nietzsche, then the crisis is unmistakable. Whether Hitler follows Nietzsche or not we are not prepared dogmatically to answer. What is not subject to question is that German thought and German action have been consciously or unconsciously deeply affected by the teaching, or some part of the teaching, of Nietzsche. It is in any case with the influence of Nietzsche that Christianity has to reckon.

We hope that a small but pregnant booklet by Dr. J. H. Oldham, *Real Life is Meeting* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net), will be widely read and deeply pondered. It is the best imaginable introduction to a big problem: Is the West to follow Nietzsche or Christ? It gets its title because the author is persuaded that the best answer to Nietzsche lies in a little book that took long to write, was duly translated into English, was very favourably reviewed, but like some other important books almost fell still-born from the Press. At any rate it is far too little known. It is Buber's '*I* and Thou,' and its theme is just our present title—real life is meeting or fellowship. Man is concerned not only with things, but with persons.

Nietzsche, our author stresses, is the one atheist worth serious consideration, and he needs consideration. If we would know what thoroughgoing atheism is we must sit at Nietzsche's feet. He scraps not only Christian dogma but Christian ethic. To him God is dead, and every trace of the belief in Him must be eradicated. There is no plan or purpose in the universe, man only wastes time and indulges in wishful thinking if he labours to discover such. Man must impose, not discover, the purpose and that purpose is to produce the super-man. It is to a strenuous life and labour that Nietzsche summons us. With something like real religious fervour he upbraids, entreats, and encourages.

Over against Nietzsche our author sets Buber, who places all the value and the supreme felicity of man's life not in coming a step nearer the superman but in fellowship. God is not dead. Our human fellowships are under the blight of transcience and impermanence. We crave a fellowship which outlasts all change and every true and worthy fellowship has in it something of the divine and eternal. This is not wishful thinking, it is experience.

Christians hold that the super-man is not to be produced. He is a given, in Jesus Christ. Over against the godless conception of the super-man, ruthless and pitiless, we proclaim the human destiny to be sons of God.

That is all very right and true; but we must learn something of Nietzsche. 'It is not enough to assert these things. The source of our trouble is that we have gone on affirming these truths and allowed their meaning to evaporate. They have consequently come to seem unreal. That is why Nietzsche is needed as a cleansing tonic force. His philosophy is a philosophy that has to be lived.' We Christians must be as ready to follow out the logic of our faith. To dare as much, to live as dangerously, 'fearlessly to confront and oppose the pretensions of power and the tyranny of material things.'

A German political theorist of repute has said that on the day of Hitler's ascent to power 'Hegel, so to speak, died.' It is strikingly said, and it

runs counter to commonly accepted belief. But it would appear to be a true statement.

It is commonly thought that the authoritarian States may find theoretical support, if theoretical support they seek, in the philosophy of Hegel. Indeed it is commonly thought that Hegel is largely responsible, on the theoretical side, for the rise of the authoritarian States.

But let us consider this matter with Dr. Herbert MARCUSE in his recent book, *Reason and Revolution: Hegel and the Rise of Social Theory* (reviewed in another column), as our interpreter and guide. He has made a special study of the relation of Hegel to the rise of social theory, and in particular of the relation of Hegel to Fascism and National Socialism.

Take Italian Fascism first. It appears to be the case that Italian political philosophy since Mazzini, associated as it has been with the movement for national unification and expansion, has been predominantly anti-liberal and anti-individualist; and it looked to Hegel for support, largely because of Hegel's view of the State as an independent substance, not bound up with the material interests of any class.

It may, however, be contended that Italian idealism, while showing genuine attempts to revive Hegel's thought, was Hegelian only when it confined itself to the exposition of Hegel. The closer it drew to Fascism the further it departed from Hegel's theoretical philosophy. Thus Gentile is only in language, but not in thought, Hegelian; and he wrote long before the triumph of Fascism.

In identifying truth and fact, thought or mind and reality, Gentile indeed shows himself to be no idealist at all. Hegel's point was that there is no immediate identity between truth and fact, thought and reality, but only the dialectical process of achieving such identity. Whereas Gentile's doctrine comes to this, that true reality is action justified in itself. All thought is rejected if it is not immediate practice.

Here is the summary criticism which takes account not only of 'The Theory of Mind as Pure Act' (1916) but also of 'The Foundations of Fascism' (1936): 'Gentile's actualism asserts the totalitarian rule of practice over thought, the independence of the latter disappearing once and for all. Loyalty to any truth that lies outside or beyond the aim of Fascist politics is declared meaningless. Theory as such and all intellectual activity are made subservient to the changing requirements of politics.'

If this criticism can be sustained, then it is impossible to trace any real connexion between the Hegelian dialectic and Fascist political theory. German Fascism is aware of this. In upholding the authoritarian State its 'theoreticians' expressly repudiate the philosophy of Hegel.

In Hegel's view civil society could be kept functioning without any renunciation of the essential rights and liberties of the individual. Here lay the province of the State, which Hegel exalted and idealized. But in the Fascist view the culture with which German idealism was linked had become dangerous to the maintenance of civil society. Accordingly, the Hegelian theory of the State had to be opposed and rejected.

Carl Schmitt, the leading political theorist of the Third Reich, whom we quoted at the outset, says that for the Hegelian binity, State and civil society, National Socialism substitutes the trinity of State, movement (the party), and people. In this trinity or triad the State is not the ultimate political reality; it is superseded and determined by the movement and its leadership.

The anti-liberal and anti-individualist trend of National Socialism appears in these further statements of National Socialist writers: the individual has rights and duties only as a member of the community; the community is not the rational whole of the Hegelian State, but a natural reality bound together by 'blood and soil' and subject to no rational norms or values; the political reality of the people is represented by the unique person of the Leader, the source of all law and all right.

Says Ernst Krieck, a representative spokesman of National Socialism: 'We live no longer in the age of education, culture, humanity, and pure spirit, but in the necessity for struggle, for political visions of reality, for soldiery, national discipline, for the national honour and future. It is, therefore, not the idealist but the heroic attitude which is demanded of men as the task and need of life in this epoch.'

A German Fascist writer of a more philosophical turn, Franz Böhm, rejects Hegel for his anti-German orientation of history, as laying stress on thought, as condemning action for action's sake; and he gets to the centre of Hegelianism when he criticises its humanitarian ideals, its upholding

the right of humanity as against the particular claims of politics.

Enough has been said to show how, according to Dr. Herbert MARCUSE, the development towards authoritarian forms was an 'about-face' from Hegelian principles, rather than any consequence of these, in Fascist Germany at least. When Hitler ascended to power, 'Hegel, so to speak, died.'

Every believing Christian is assured that in the new world to which men are looking after the war religion must play a part. But what part? What is to be its function? Will it be allowed to have any function? It is questions like these that the Rev. E. C. URWIN, M.A., B.D., faces in his Beckly Lecture for 1942, published under the title *Religion in Planned Society* (Epworth Press; cloth, 4s. net, paper, 3s. net).

It is the social and economic situation to-day that has evoked the conception of a planned society. We have been witnessing the breakdown of the capitalist system with its unbridled freedom to exploit men. Religion has adopted a somewhat equivocal attitude to this system from the time of the Reformation. It had always been uneasy in the presence of an order that denied the fundamental principles of Christ's teaching, and in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries there was an increasing sense of the incongruity of a capitalist order with the Christian values, ethical and religious. There has been growing a compelling sense of duty towards the victims of an unregulated capitalism.

But the compulsion came first as a child of revolution. In Russia, Italy, and Germany it was largely the wrongs of the workers and the hopeless state of the social structure that brought about a 'new order,' and in all three cases it was the clamant need of reform that gave irresistible force to the reformers, in particular the fact of unemployment on a large scale everywhere. It is estimated that there were 30,000,000 of unemployed in the world—six millions in Germany, three and a half millions in Britain, and eleven millions in America.

What is to be the shape of the planned society in Britain, in contrast with the three examples cited? Our task is to preserve essential freedom along with an ordered social life. We have been feeling our way towards such an order. The Factory Acts, compulsory education, the housing campaign, the 'dole,' are all steps in the direction of a planned society. But now the urgent need is for a deliberate and considered purpose in the same direction but of a far more drastic and complete kind. The goal is that every man should have a healthy childhood, a decent house, an education suited to his abilities, and a chance to develop and express his social and spiritual nature—in work, in leisure, and in retirement.

The main problem, Mr. URWIN considers, is: What place is religion to have in the realization of this? This resolves itself into two questions—first, what will the planned society do with religion? secondly, what has religion to say and do with regard to a planned society? The answer given to the first question elsewhere is ominous. In Russia religion is tolerated, curbed, and discouraged. It is regarded, in Lenin's famous phrase, as an opiate for the workers. In Italy there has been a concordat between the State and the Church. But that is not encouraging, for the keystone of the Fascist system is the conception of the State as absolute, before which everything else is relative. In Germany the answer is not yet finally given, but the Nazi regime has tried to harness religion to the State wagon as a subservient tool. In our own case much will depend on whether the churches show themselves alert to the social changes taking place about them, especially to the claims of social justice, and are able by their actions to demonstrate the relevance of their faith.

But with regard to the second question: What part is religion to play in a planned society? Mr. URWIN has a definite answer. Planned society with us stands in desperate need of religion, in particular of Christianity. Christianity rejects the absoluteness of the State. Equally it has been compelled to wage a perpetual conflict with the spirit of nationalism. It can have nothing to do with an atheistic communism and its class 'morality.' But it has a great deal to give to a planned society. It combines a high sense of individual worth with a profound feeling for the ties that bind man to man. Every man is born that he may become a child of God and find a place in the divinely ordered family.

Hence the things Christianity can give to a planned society are faith, an end and resources indispensable to sustain it. Faith, because freedom is in a precarious position where faith in God's fatherhood is absent. Wherever in the world faith has been suppressed, there tyranny and the subjection of the individual to the system have prevailed. Without the freedom which is

safeguarded by religion planned society will be a crude and ignoble despotism.

But the Christian religion also will in any social order engender the spirit of community. A religion which asserts that we are members one of another and that every man shall bear his brother's burden is one that furnishes a planned society with a social bond that is essential to its security. Community is the end of any worthy order, and, if it is too much to say it can be gained only where religion is alive among men, at any rate it is the fruit of any sincere Christian faith.

Finally, the Christian religion sustains and should uphold the demand for social justice which creates the planned society. There have been times when the social conscience of the Church has been asleep. Even to-day it is not sufficiently awake. But there is a new sense of duty spreading all through the churches, of duty to the unprivileged, of the obligation that possessions entail, of the demands that Christ makes on those who profess to accept His teaching. And that is the best security that the needy, the unemployed, the badly housed, the multitude who are without the opportunity for a full life will have their claims met.

Is there any sense in which we can speak of a Christian order of society? Certainly, if we look at any particular order, the answer is No! Sin and mortality will dog our steps always. Also, Christian faith can vindicate itself in any society. But there will always be the urgent necessity for a continuing ferment of Christian faith in a society that may be imperfectly Christian. There can never be finality in any order. But there can always be striving and the compulsion of a Christ-ruled conscience.

Inspired English Translations.

The Liberality and Sympathy of God.

By the Reverend Professor A. J. Gossip, D.D., Glasgow.

Spurgeon once, preaching on the text 'Return, return, O Shulamite,' began by admitting honestly that he did not know whether this was to be taken as the voice of Christ rallying a wavering Church, or as that of her former dissolute companions tempting her to disloyalty and a break back to her old unworthy ways; and, accordingly, to make sure that he got at the real intention of the Scripture, he preached with passion from it, first in the one sense, and then in the other! James Denney, who chanced to be in the congregation, was a little amused, and, perhaps, even shocked in his scholarly instincts by this naïve proceeding. Yet there is something to be said for it at times—as in the case of the famous nineteenth verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm, which has had two quite different translations given to it, each with some real evidence and warrant at its back, each setting forth, in perfect words and with a succinctness hardly to be rivalled, a profound spiritual truth; but, taken both together, forming a heart-gripping revelation of the character and life of God.

Apparently, so scholars tell us, the Hebrew verb is rare and puzzling. That it has something to do with a burden is quite clear. And there is no dispute that the subject is God. But there is no grammatical object in the sentence; and the content of the burden is left undefined, and to be gathered from the general sense. Hence, some, as in the Authorized Version, think that it means that the burden is laid by Divine hands upon men, and reach the beautiful translation, 'Blessed be God, who daily loadeth us with benefits.' While others, as in the Revised Version, conceive of the burden much more gravely; and hold that it is God who takes the load on His own heart; and so reach the even lovelier rendering—'Blessed be God who daily bears our burden with us.'

Apparently this is now held to be nearer to the poet's authentic thought; and the familiar words which we have known so long are, it appears, a mistranslation. Yet, who would lose them, or, in a meticulous pedantry, throw them away? And, on the other hand, who would miss the depth and wonder of the newer Version? But together! Like Linnæus on his knees beside the flaming broom bush trumpeting in the summer, hushed and awed and very still because God in His glory was passing very near, do not they bring home burningly to us, as few words do, some dim tremendous sense of what it means to be God, what He is really like, and how He really lives!

Everywhere the Scriptures keep underlining His immeasurable generosity. We don't think

much about it, heap together a vast mass of glorious things—each item of it all a mystery and a longing to those who happen to lack that particular—and reckon all that as a bare minimum, what does not count, less than which would be an outrage; and so receive it callously with little sunshine on our faces, and small wonder in our hearts, often whimpering over it as meagre and less than our due. And that mood seems to grow upon us. As Canon Green has put it, 'Man's appetite is infinite, and "enough" has been truly defined as "a little more than you have got"! While our hearts are set on material things, our happiness depends less on what we have than on what others have and we have not. The poorest man in a slum to-day has a thousand comforts and conveniences denied to Aristotle or Sir Thomas More, yet he is miserable because he lacks what others enjoy.' That may be natural enough: and many of us may have grabbed too much, leaving to others far too little. And yet to be a man is a marvellous heritage, to be set high in the scale of being, able to look before and after, and up towards God, and think His vast thoughts dimly afar off after Him! And ours is an astounding birthright. 'Who,' said the writer to Diognetus long ago, 'could have expected any of these things? And yet they are all ours, simply because God willed to give them to us!' Take flowers as an illustration. Conceivably, plants might have propagated in a hundred drab and unexciting ways. And all this witchery of beauty is an extra, thought out for us by God, that spills upon us from His overflowing hands. Who could have expected it? It is all ours, simply because God willed to give it to us. So with a thousand things—with everything indeed we have. Plato, in one place, draws a distinction between God and man. We men, he says, are churlish creatures, apt to hoard and heap up for ourselves. To us much of the joy of possession is to have what others lack, and the sense of superiority that gives us. But there is nothing of that dog-in-the-manger feeling about God. To Him the joy of possessing is to share, and give, and heap up endlessly on others; and hence He keeps creating souls and earths and universes that He may spend Himself for them yet more, and more, and more!

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

'Blessed be God, who daily loadeth us with benefits.'

Yes, says Christ, and God gives this to the most unlikely people, and in face of the most gross and grievous undeserving, paying, it seems, no attention to it. Look at that man ploughing on the hillside. He is an openly immoral creature, yet the sunshine does not skip his fields; or at that other with never a thought to spare for God in all his crowded bustled week, yet the rain falls as healingly upon his land as on his pious neighbour's. And surely it is a marvellous thing that, as our vivid Scots word has it, God is not scunnered at you and me, but meets our sin with grace and added sin with added grace, and obstinate sin with obstinate grace; determinedly, stubbornly, persistently. Indeed the length to which it goes is the message of the Testament. Here are we, each of us so dauntingly unimportant and easily replaceable. Get run down by a motor car, and to-morrow they will be discussing who will get your vacant job, and the great world will spin upon its way entirely unconcerned. Yet we matter to God—matter the length of Calvary to Him! Here are we, so unimpressive in our character, so stereotyped and ordinary in our thought and ways. And yet to bring us through with honour God has thrown in His all, God's all—His most, His best, His very Son—and some of us these days know better than the commentators what that means—has kept back nothing. We have all that behind our back freely to draw upon. So say these men of the New Testament, dazed and bewildered by the wonder of it all, staggered by the immensity of the divine liberality, quite certain that our petty human minds can never take this thing and measure it by our poor human footrules, and say there is the length of it, and the breadth of it, and the height of it, and the depth of it—and that is all that there is to it—feeling themselves rather swept helplessly away by irresistible currents out into infinite seas, with mighty billows crashing under them and over them and on all sides of them, farther than eye can see—dazed and bewildered and uncomprehending, and yet very sure it is all true; putting a far deeper meaning into this old poet's grateful cry, 'Blessed be God who daily loadeth us with benefits.'

Were it not well for us if we could gain more of that mood? 'Nothing,' says Faber, 'hurts like ingratitude. And yet that is the daily and hourly portion we offer God.' And, apart from its unseemliness, it is such pitiful psychology. 'I have found a law,' said Halyburton, whose mind was naturally set in the minor key, 'that, when at the lowest deeps, I can draw myself back into the sunshine through the duty of thanksgiving.' Give thanks, keep giving thanks, that is the road

to further progress. And he goes on to tell us that once he could find nothing for which to thank except just this that he was not in hell *yet*, though, so he felt, he must soon be there. And, praising God for that, as in the deepening dusk one star steals out, and then another, and another, and another, till the whole heavens are ablaze with lights, so before his astounded mind rose up the infinite kindnesses of God, till his whole soul was giving Him adoring praise. 'Blessed be God who daily loadeth us with benefits'—His honouring faith in us, that holds after so many failures on our side; His quick, eager forgiveness, His patient shepherding, which, as often as we spill through every inviting gap in every hedge, still follows us, and finds us, and heads us back, each time, into the paths that run straight home. 'Who could have expected any of these things; and yet they are all ours, simply because God willed to give them to us.' The amazing liberality of God!

And yet, it seems, that this apt phrase is in reality a fortunate mistranslation. Or was it fortunate? For the true rendering is still more moving and heart-gripping. 'Blessed be God who daily bears our burden with us.' The wonder of the perfect sympathy of God.

There are two foci round which Christianity has turned—the Cross and the Manger. And both of them bring the same staggering good news. In the old Greek Church it was the Incarnation that thrilled and won people's hearts. Here were we men, struggling through this dangerous life, burdened by difficulties that crushed us, and by temptations that mastered us, and by sins that, wrestle with them how we might, we could not cast out, but had to fetch and carry for them, lolling at their ease in our characters and lives like insolent conquering troops billeted upon a subjugated people. And God was out of it, above it all, untouched by it. That was what it meant to be God—to be immune from human perturbations. And suddenly men realized, through Christ, that God is not out of it all, but in it, at the sore raw heart of it, that in all our afflictions He is afflicted, and that it is no wisest Angel of them all, but His own holy Presence that helps and steadies and brings us through. 'God,' said Maeterlinck once, 'sits smiling high up on a sunny mountain looking down upon us in our sins and troubles as we do at kittens tumbling on the hearthrug.' No, cries the whole New Testament, not sitting smiling on a sunny mountain, out of it all; but the express Image of God's person is One spending His life for others day by day, giving Himself for any one in need or sorrow, bearing their burdens with them, bowed at last in agony dying for them upon a Cross, taking men's sins on His own holy soul that they, poor captives, might go free, being 'made sin for them' although 'He knew no sin,' in the tremendous phrase which, bursting language, and overflowing human thought, seeks to bring home to us the mystery of the immensity of what God means by sympathy and helpfulness.

And so the other centre, that round which in the Western Church men's hearts have chiefly gathered, is the Cross, with its amazing revelation of how God is hurt by sin, our sin; can't bear to have us in that sorry plight, but has gone every possible length which even God can go, to master and destroy it for us, counting no cost to Him excessive, no sacrifice too vast, if thereby He can free and help us, and give back to us our honour; standing by us day by day with an unshaken faithfulness and trust in us, often though we have failed Him. 'Blessed, in very deed, be God who daily bears our burden with us.'

That, surely, is the gospel. I know that shocked philosophers and theologians talk learnedly about the impassibility of God. But that is Brahmanism and not Christianity. I know that a clamorous school of mystics, who have not even yet outgrown the gnostic heresies, speak with assurance, as if the Gospels were but a set of nursery tales for infant souls, and that mature minds leave behind such crude and homely myths and metaphors, and worship a God unknowable and indefinable, who can't be summed up, or even dimly described in our poor lisping human speech; and that real prayer is, not to come with a child-like simplicity, as the Gospels advise, to make confession, to give thanks, to ask guidance and counsel, to make known our requests to One, of whose sympathy and understanding we are sure, and sometimes with nothing much to say, but simply for the happiness of being with Him—all that they tell us ought to be outgrown, till there is nothing but an awed adoration of an indefinable God. No doubt our deepest human thoughts of God are only words thrown out a very little way in His direction; no doubt, as Luther said, when preachers speak of Jesus Christ, they are like children using half words and quarter words. And yet, as Frederic Harrison said long ago, we can't bow down before an Unknowable who has no analogy to anything within our ken and pray 'O Xth, O Unknown Quantity, love us, bless us, make us one with Thee'—must use human concepts, aye and must take in that the greatness and majesty of God, 'His topmost, ineffablest, uttermost Crown,' consists, not in that He is high and lifted up, but that He can stoop so low and give Himself so utterly, that He is God the Father, who spends Himself for His children; 'and God the Son, who dies for sinful men; and God the Holy Spirit, with His infinite gentleness

and patience and sufficiency for every call upon Him. That is no childish hieroglyphic of primitive minds. That is the final Revelation. 'Blessed be God who daily bears our burden with us.'

Listen to a philosopher, Pringle Pattison, that deep and penetrating thinker: 'What was the secret of Christianity, the new interpretation of life by which it conquered the world? The answer is in a sense a commonplace. It was the lesson of self-sacrifice, of life for others, precisely through which nevertheless the truest and intensest realization of the self was to be attained. The whole standard of judgment upon life and the purpose of the world is accordingly changed. But if that is the deepest insight into human life, must we not also recognize it as the open secret of the universe? No God or Absolute existing in solitary bliss and perfection, but a God who lives in a perpetual giving of Himself, who shares the life of His finite creatures, bearing in and with them the whole burden of their finitude, their sinful wanderings and sorrows and the suffering without which they cannot be made perfect. This perpetual process is the only life of God, in which, besides the effort and the pain, He tastes, we must believe, the joy of victory won.'

Or to a man of science, Sir Oliver Lodge: 'It is a marvellous and bewildering thought; but whatever its value, and whether it be an ultimate revelation or not, it is the revelation of Christ; whether it be considered blasphemous or not—and in His own day it was certainly considered blasphemous, this was the idea He grasped, and never let go. A God that could understand, that could suffer, that could sympathize, that had felt an extremity of human anguish, the agony of bereavement, had submitted even to the brutal hopeless torture of the innocent, and had been acquainted with the pangs of death. This is the extraordinary conception of Godhead to which we have at this stage risen.'

Or to that vivid theologian, Streeter: 'The most characteristic contribution to the problem made in the New Testament is the doctrine of divine participation in the world's pain. In the Old Testament we find the idea that God enters into the sufferings of His people. "In all their affliction He was afflicted": the relation of God to the woes of the world is not that of a mere spectator. The New Testament goes further, and says that God *is* Love. But that is not Love which, in the presence of acute suffering, can stand outside and aloof. The doctrine that Christ is the image of the Unseen God means that God does not stand outside.' And so to his apt quotation from Dinsmore: 'As the flash of the volcano discloses for a few hours the elemental fires in the earth's centre, so the light on Calvary was the bursting forth through historical conditions of the very nature of the Everlasting. There was a Cross in the heart of God before there was one planted on the green hill outside Jerusalem.'

If the New Testament means anything at all, it must and does mean that. Looking at Jesus Christ, at His unfailing sympathy, at His unselfish use of life, suddenly men saw what God too must be like, or else human nature at its highest had morally outtopped Him—which to the Jewish mind was just not thinkable. No doubt many clapt hands to affrighted ears to shut out such a novel thought, and hurried Christ to Calvary, and came down satisfied that such a blasphemer was much better safely away. He to be God, indeed! Yet now all sane men know that, if there be a God at all, He must be Christlike; that He, too, daily bears our burdens with us.

And what a difference it makes in these tense days, or any days, to know that we are not alone, never alone, and left to make such shifts as best we can in our own strength, and with our own meagre resources! Shackleton declared that when he and his two companions made their perilous desperate way through the Antarctic each of them felt—though they said nothing of it at the time—that they were coming through only because there was Someone else there, more than they could see. There is always that Someone else there more than we can see. And since it is you and God together, you can face even that that scares you. And it is. For what says Blake? And, after all, our English poets have been our deepest and our most effective English prophets.

> Can I see another's woe,
> And not be in sorrow too?
> Can I see another's grief,
> And not seek for kind relief?
> O no! never can it be!
> Never, never can it be!
> Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
> And thy Maker is not by;
> Think not thou canst weep a tear,
> And thy Maker is not near.
> O! He gives to us His joy
> That our grief He may destroy;
> Till our grief is fled and gone
> He doth sit by us and moan.

'Blessed be God who daily bears our burden with us.'

Literature.

HEGEL AND SOCIAL THEORY.

Reason and Revolution : Hegel and the Rise of Social Theory (Milford ; 21s. 6d. net) by Dr. Herbert Marcuse is a book on which printer and binder as well as author are to be congratulated. To handle it is a pleasure, to read it a stimulus to thought. In places it is not easy reading, but that is not the author's fault ; his style, if uniformly solid, is clear and logical, rich and flexible.

The first and larger part of the book offers a survey of the structure of Hegel's system. It is a well-documented survey, dealing successively with the Phenomenology of Mind, the Science of Logic, the Political Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History. It does not, however, profess to be comprehensive in its treatment. The author's purpose is so to re-expound and re-interpret the writings of Hegel as to bring out their bearing upon the development of social theory in Europe. In particular, he would show the close relation between Hegelian and Marxian theory and the inconsistency of Fascist theory and practice (both Italian and German) with Hegelian theory.

In emphasizing Hegel's influence upon the rise of social theory the author takes courage from his study of Hegel's earlier writings (the fruits of which are here given), more especially the writings which comprise the *Jenenser* system, the earliest form of Hegel's complete system. We remark incidentally that the analysis of the Jena lectures, which have only recently been edited from Hegel's original manuscripts, constitutes one of the most valuable sections of this book. The earlier writings as a whole appear to bear witness that from the beginning Hegel's ontological notions were relevant to the concrete historical situation. Thus we are the more prepared to find that his developed philosophy was 'saturated with a social content expressive of a particular order of society.'

In the second part of the book the 'post-history' of the Hegelian philosophy is traced, but not after the traditional schematism. It is maintained that the critical tendencies of Hegelianism were truly perpetuated in the Marxian social theory, and that in all other respects the history of Hegelianism became the history of a struggle against Hegel. This latter point is illustrated in the 'positive' philosophies of Comte, Stahl, and Stein which took the place of the 'negative' philosophy, as well as in the new conception of the authoritarian State which in Fascism and National Socialism dispossessed that of idealistic rationalism.

As for the former point, Marx is affirmed to have been at one with Hegel in operating with a negative conception of reality. For the Marxian as for the Hegelian dialectic 'the truth' lay only in the 'negative totality.' But whereas for Hegel the totality was the totality of reason, a closed ontological system, for Marx it was a totality detached from the universal and ontological, the totality in fine of class society. The movement of the Hegelian dialectic was for Marx 'pre-history,' in so far as the history of class society was patterned upon it ; for him man's actual history would begin when this society had been abolished. The transition from Hegel to Marx is well brought out in the statement that 'all the philosophical concepts of Marxian theory are social and economic categories, whereas Hegel's social and economic categories are all philosophical concepts.'

Readers of this magazine may be specially interested in the references to Kierkegaard, who with Feuerbach seized upon the isolated individual in exalting 'the negation of philosophy'—unlike Marx, who viewed the individual in the context of social labour. For the Danish thinker truth lay not in knowledge but in action, and was the outcome of the individual's own decision. There was only one truth, eternal happiness in Christ ; and only one proper decision, to live a Christian life. The significance of Kierkegaard's work for this study in social theory is that it implied throughout a strong critique of his society. Our author characterizes it as 'the last great attempt to restore religion as the ultimate organon for liberating humanity from the destructive impact of an oppressive social order.' He himself appears to be of the opinion that individualist religion, no more than rationalist philosophy, can work out the salvation of society : 'if left to the inner world of the individual, "the truth" gets separated from the social and political vortex in which it belongs.'

W. FULTON.

A drastic book on mental and spiritual healing has been written by Dr. Frederick W. Bailes—*Your Mind Can Heal You* (Allen & Unwin ; 7s. 6d. net). It is drastic because there are no qualifications. Its statements and claims are definite, without any kind of uncertainty. The first sentence in the book is : 'Any person can have excellent health, if he goes after it in the right way.' The purpose of the book is to set forth, in everyday language, the way in which sickness 'stems from the thought life,' and the exact method to be employed by the individual who wishes to retrace his mental footsteps into complete freedom from the fear of sickness as well as from its actual form. The philosophy behind the book is a combination of a woolly pantheism with the Christian science standpoint. There is no such thing as sickness. 'We admit that man feels pain, suffers disease and distress as an experience, but affirm that these manifestations are merely reflections of his mental states.' What we may term 'God' is our servant. *We* direct Him (or It) and He (or It) carries out our desire. There is no special gift needed in the patient, no particular intelligence or will-power. By far the most interesting and valuable part of the book is the chapter on 'actual cases of healing.' What-

ever the crazy philosophy behind this system, whatever the confusion of thought, the stories told of the results of the technique are impressive. It is probable that we have not realized the immense power of faith or of the influence of the mind on the body. And that is the positive truth in this book, a truth that was well worth emphasizing afresh.

A very attractive book has been written on what will be generally regarded as a difficult theme. The title is *They Live; An Assuring Interpretation of the Future Life*, by Mr. Morris H. Turk (Allen & Unwin; 3s. 6d. net), and the subject is not so much an assurance of the future life as something beyond that, an assurance of the presence of our beloved ones on the other side and actual fellowship with them. This is not a book on spiritualism, which the writer definitely rejects. His contention is that we can *experience* immortality through the knowledge of God and by this means come into conscious communion with 'the immortals.' 'A certitude beyond all question, and a conscious experience of the realities of the life beyond which admits no possible doubt will be the inevitable achievement of every one who is willing to meet the simple but exacting conditions for such high realizations.' It is difficult to say exactly why this book is so delightful to read. It is certain, however, that any one who makes trial of it will find it so.

The Swarthmore Lecture for 1942, delivered at the Friends' Meeting House, York, on 29th July, by Margaret M. Harvey, appears to have been published on the day of its delivery (in abridged form). It is entitled *The Law of Liberty* (Allen & Unwin; cloth, 2s. 6d., paper, 1s. 6d.), and in accordance with the conditions of the Lectureship deals with its subject in relation to the message and work of the Society of Friends. The subject is attractively dealt with, and the expositions are embellished by numerous quotations from recent writers, themselves Quakers or in spiritual affinity with Quakerism. It adds to the interest and usefulness of the Lecture that the principles emphasized by the Society of Friends, such as the significance of the individual, the truth of the inner light, the value of silence or 'still communion,' are set forth against the dark background of the present world-situation.

Biblical exegesis has a long history, and we have a welcome reminder of the fact in the publication of *The Arabic Commentary on the Book of Hosea* by the tenth century Karaite scholar Yefet Ben'Ali, of which an edition has been published by Dr. Philip Birnbaum (Dropsie College, Philadelphia; $1.50). Though Yefet was a heretic from the Rabbinic point of view, he has influenced all later Jewish exegesis, and his work deserves attention even to-day. His method is to translate a few verses into Arabic, with occasional short verbal explanations, and then to give an extended comment on the passage. He often seems to digress from the point he is considering, in his search through the Bible for appropriate references, but we note a genuine attempt to see the prophet against his historical background, and there is comparatively little of the pure allegorizing which is so often found in both Jewish and Christian exegesis. Dr. Birnbaum has done his work very thoroughly, collating eight MSS. of the text, and furnishing a useful introduction, together with photographs of pages from two MSS. His book, however, would have appealed to a much wider public if he had supplied an English translation of the Arabic text.

Didsbury College Centenary, 1842–1942 (Epworth Press; 6s. net), is a volume of commemorative essays edited by the Rev. W. Bardsley Brash and Dr. Charles J. Wright. It also contains a chronological list of the names of all the students who have entered Didsbury College since its beginning in 1842. Among the contributors of the essays, besides the Editors themselves, are J. Alexander Findlay, J. Ernest Rattenbury, and Wilbert F. Howard, to name only those who by their theological writings appear to be best known beyond the Methodist communion. The whole volume is inspired by a common love and loyalty for 'The Old Ship,' as the College has been affectionately named for many generations; and it should be eagerly perused not only by the four hundred men who have been its passengers and still sail the high seas on which she sent them forth, but also by those who are interested in the intimate story of an influential Christian College. Many distinguished names are here commemorated, but by common consent the most distinguished is that of James Hope Moulton. The lineaments of his character are faithfully and lovingly drawn; his scholarly distinctions and labours, particularly in the field of Hellenistic Greek, are duly noted; and we are reminded of his untimely and tragic death, an incident of the last war. Once again the College is closed, and we can but wish for it a new and long period of prosperity when the present troubles are overpast.

Quakers and the Christian Church (Friends' House; 1s. 6d. net) by Percy W. Bartlett is a pamphlet which has been published with the imprint of the Faith and Order Commission of the Society of Friends and with its general approval. The object of publication is twofold: first, to meet a private request from outside the Society for a statement of Friends' views on the subject of the nature and function of the Church; secondly, to test current opinion within the Society before an official statement is drafted in response to the request for such as a contribution to the preparation for the next World Conference on Faith and Order.

The pamphlet contains repetitions and its matter might be arranged in better logical sequence, but it is a clear and helpful statement of the principles on which the Society of Friends is founded. Naturally it expounds the distinctive Quaker doctrines of the Inner Light and Pacifism, but the main effort of its pages is to explain the attitude

of Quakerism to the institution of the Christian Church. It is too much to say, judging by this pamphlet, that the Quakers have become Church-minded ; it may, however, be justly said that they have become Church-conscious, and can no longer be identified ' largely by ecclesiastical negatives.' But there still exists a great, if not a fundamental, difference between the Quakers' conception of the Church and that of the great majority of Christian communions.

The S.P.C.K. has added to its little books on the Bible *A Little Companion to the Psalter* by the Rev. C. S. Phillips, D.D. (cloth, 2s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net). It contains a short introduction dealing with the origin of the Psalter, its use by Christians, and its poetic form. Each Psalm is then taken, supplied with a descriptive title, and a few notes, generally on obscure or difficult words. These are frequently little more than the addition of a rendering given by the A.V., for the text employed is that of the Prayer Book. Sometimes, however, longer notes are given, especially where the meaning or structure of a Psalm is obscure. Within the scale adopted by Dr. Phillips, the work has been extremely well done, and the book may be recommended to any reader who, without any previous acquaintance with the Psalter beyond that which may be gained from the Prayer Book itself, wishes to enter on a more serious study of the Psalms.

For the appropriate age (which is probably the adolescent period) credal instruction may well be helpful. And there is no better instrument for such a discipline than the Apostles' Creed. For that reason *Christian Belief, A Short Exposition of the Apostles' Creed*, by the Very Rev. R. H. Malden, Dean of Wells (S.P.C.K. ; 3s. net), will be welcome. And it certainly deserves a welcome for its own merits. It is brief, but it is probably sufficient as a guide to competent teachers. It is well written, interesting and intelligent. Such delicate matters as the Descent into Hell, the Ascension, the Resurrection of the Body, are handled with sincerity and breadth of mind. It would be difficult to find a better book on this ancient Creed for the particular purpose for which it was written and will be used.

The Fondren Lectures (Southern Methodist University, U.S.A.) for 1942 by Dr. W. A. Smart, Professor of Biblical Theology at Emory University, Georgia, have been published under the title, *The Contemporary Christ* (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press ; $1.50). One is apt to be prejudiced against a book which shows extravagance in the publishers' blurb. There is no ' rediscovery ' of Christ here, nor does the conclusion—or for that matter any part of the book—' stab ' us ' broad awake.' But fortunately the author himself is modest in his claim. He says, rightly, that the New Testament scholar will find ' nothing new ' in the Lectures. (Indeed on certain points the New Testament scholar might desiderate in them more consistency.) He says further that amid the confusion as to the meaning of Jesus of Nazareth all that he seeks to do is to ' bear his testimony.'

What then is the testimony here borne ? It is a presentation of Christ on liberal lines. The emphasis is upon the teaching of Christ concerning the Fatherhood of God and the value of human personality, on the ' eternal tension ' in His teaching between God's moral demands and man's capacity of response, on the meaning of ' following ' Christ in such an age as this, and on Christianity as a religion of salvation. The style is popular and forcible ; there are frequent references to the present world-situation (including some critical remarks on pacifism) ; the illustrative material is abundant, and sometimes fresh and striking ; and the whole volume may be characterized as a sincere effort to expound Christianity in reasonable terms.

As for the phrase of the title, its meaning is indicated in these words : ' The contemporary Christ ! At times we think we have him securely shut up in his first century Palestine, and then we discover him walking beside us. The things he says are so simple, and so contemporary, and so impossible. He seems not to fit into this world we know so well ; but when we stop long enough to hear what he is saying, we feel that there is no hope for the world unless it will listen to him.'

Eschatology and the Hope of a New World.

By Professor John Foster, M.A., Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham.

A skirmish in the Civil War of 1642 was fought not far from the home of my boyhood. I have often walked across that bit of moorland, and thought I heard the shout of the pikemen and the trample of horses' hoofs. My children began the year 1942 with the opposite experience. Hong Kong, a place of happier associations, had become a battlefield. There was hard fighting (said the B.B.C.) at Stanley Mound. That was just above our favourite holiday resort. Shipping had been bombed in Deep-water Bay. That was the scene of idyllic bathing picnics. The Japanese had charged across Happy Valley (we once lived there), and attacked the city by way of Wanchai.

For my part, this moved me most. There in Wanchai is one of the most remarkable churches

in China. It doubled its membership in the Five-Year Movement (1930–5); since then it must surely have been redoubled. That is one sample of Hong Kong, where the churches on the whole are more advanced than anywhere else in China. Since 1937 that has been the element of hope. Within the safety of the *pax Britannica* they would survive, when cities of China proper were being blasted, and when all but the humblest of our people had fled to the free West. From here the Church might re-enter, because here God's work would remain. And now . . .

> 'Upon the earth distress of nations, in perplexity . . . men fainting for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world: for the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption draweth nigh.'[1]

I did look up. I thought of my Chinese friends in that church and said, 'If death be their lot, how triumphantly they will even dare to die.' But that is not to say that I did not look out and around as well, and wonder, and worry, and weep.

I mention this because it is an individual illustration of something which is becoming generally true. We are all turning to apocalypse and eschatology.

I was working in my garden, digging for victory. A woman came past with swinging confident step and an armful of pamphlets: 'Jesus is coming! Will you have one?' I leaned on my spade. 'No, thank you,' I said. 'I do not believe in your sort of heresy.' 'Ah, I didn't once. I was Church of England. But now I have the truth and I know.' A few nights afterwards, her confident step swung into my dreams. It shows how long it takes my slow-working brain to find the answer to these glib cocksure ones. There in my dream I rated her soundly: 'This is not what the Bible is about. It is about sin, your sin, and how you may be saved from it. The reason why you busy yourself about the end of the world, and treat the Bible like a book of puzzles, is because you daren't face the real thing: sin, your sin, and how you may be saved from it.'

I believe that was a good dream, and a good answer, but only a partial one. The Bible is concerned not merely with individual sin, but with the whole sinful world, and the will of God over against it. This is one aspect of the Christian message which, orthodoxy neglecting, the heretics and peculiar people and Millennial Dawnists have brought back to meet the need of the times.

In times of despair pious souls have always turned to books of the Bible which were produced by similar desperation. It was so in the First World War, the Napoleonic War, the Civil War. I mentioned 'Millennial Dawnists.' That may make us turn further back to that extraordinary period—not 1066 and all that—but about the year 1033. The Book of the Revelation places strange emphasis upon the significance of one thousand years.[2] If the millennium had not begun on earth, it was, they thought, exactly a thousand years since our Lord suffered, rose, and went up on high. And lo, strange portents were to be seen!

We must remember that to the greater part of Christendom Rome was a name, the Pope an ideal. The actual experiences of life were limited to one's own locality. But the pious who lived near enough to Rome to know the facts not only believed that it was the end of the world, but hoped that it was. The so-called Vicar of Christ was Benedict IX., a vicious little boy of twelve. Vicious is a mild word: he was a prodigy of sexual vice.[3] How had he been set there?

The Bishop of Rome should have been elected by the clergy and people of Rome. But in these turbulent times the people of Rome did not mean the mustering of ordered congregations and the voice of a responsible laity. It meant a rabble—a rabble divided into factions, fighting each other through the streets, looting the dead Pope's palaces, each hoping for more spoils if his candidate were successful. For a time (962 on) the rabble had been held in check by the Emperor. Since Otto III. (*d.* 1002) Germany had had a succession of rulers who boldly reversed the policy of making Rome the centre of their ambitions. They were intent, wisely we should think, on their own Germany. The Papacy again lacked a protector. The Roman rabble was cowed, not by an Emperor from the north, but by the local barons, Counts of Tusculum. Benedict IX. was the Count's son. That was his only qualification for the chair of St. Peter.

The end of the world did not come. Discontent was rife. They tried to murder the Pope. One almost feels that, had they been successful, they might have done God service. Then in 1044 the mob drove out the wretched Benedict and elected Silvester III. But after a few weeks he was back, and expelled his rival. Benedict is said now to have fallen in love with his cousin. He did not mind being a married Pope, but the girl's father minded. So Benedict sold the Papacy for £1500.[4] The buyer was Gregory VI. While he may seem to be a sordid figure, it is likely that he was doing

[1] Lk 21[25-28].

[2] Rev 20[7].

[3] Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, iii. 356 ff.

[4] Workman's figure in *The Church in the West in the Middle Ages*, i. 52—a lively survey of conditions in these times.

evil that good might come, committing the sin of Simony, in order to reform the Papacy once he had got it. With him was a young admirer, whose life was to be spent in the cause of reform—Hildebrand.

Even that was not the end. Benedict's matrimonial plans went astray. On the principle of a bird in the hand he decided to hold on to the Papacy. So now there were three Popes at once. This was too much. An appeal was sent to Henry III. of Germany. As eighty years before, so now, the only way was to look to the secular power to reform the Papacy. The appeal said :

> 'We admit that we have appointed idiots as Popes. It now behoves your imperial power to give the Roman Republic the benefit of law, the ornament of manners, and to lend the arm of protection to the Church.'

Henry came in the year 1046. He deposed all three Popes together. Gregory VI. went off to retirement at Cologne, and Hildebrand stayed with him till his death in 1048. Then Hildebrand went to Worms, to spend some months as an eager student of the canon law. When the Emperor's cousin, Bruno, had been designated Pope (Leo IX.) it was at Worms that he discovered Hildebrand, and invited him to join the company of those who were to reform the Church. As they passed south it seems likely that they called at the great monastery of Cluny.[1]

Worms and Cluny—this brings us to the point : it was *not* the end of the world. It was the end of an age. The Dark Ages, which, if you reckon from the fall of Rome, 410, had lasted for six hundred years, were over. There were all manner of stirrings of new life. In some ways this period, rather than the fifteenth century, might be called the period of Renaissance. Something of God's purposes was being worked out—on earth, as well as in heaven. Here let us notice two movements for reform connected with these two places, Worms and Cluny. One began in Lorraine. It attacked lay appointment to Church offices, and sought to raise the secular clergy out of the morass of an immoral society. Worms had become a centre of such influences. As for Cluny, this great monastery, rapidly becoming the greatest in size, already by far the greatest in influence, was the home of monastic reform. Founded in 910, it stood at the time of the lowest ebb of the monastic ideal for a return to strict observance of the Rule of St. Benedict. In two respects Cluny's reforms transcended the narrow bounds of the monk's life, namely in the *Truce of God*, and in Cluny's indirect contribution to the growth of Papal prestige. Abbot Odilo of Cluny had in 1041 been one of the leading protagonists of this idea of limiting the scourge of private war. There was to be no fighting from Wednesday night to Monday morning—because the days between were those of our Lord's passion, death, and resurrection. It may seem to us now ludicrous thus to treat war, as though it were a subject for 'early closing' regulations. But is it very far removed from the way modern Christians have tried to tinker with the problem—as though one could put a patch on international anarchy ? I bought a child's Christmas book about a man who found two dragons, and tried to turn them into domestic animals, believing it might be convenient for making buttered toast to have about the place a creature with a mouth like a small volcano. I think the author got his inspiration under the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments.

[1] A. J. Macdonald, *Hildebrand*, 24.

More important as influence towards reform is the Cluniacs' claim to be in direct connexion with the Pope, and so free from all interference by local rulers. It is this prestige of the Pope as a supra-national figure which makes possible the work of Hildebrand, now on his way to Rome, to become *the* power behind the Papal throne for the next generation, and then to fill it (1073). Some one has said that Hildebrand's greatest strength was his capacity to bide his time. But he waited, not for the end of the world, not for Christ's coming on the clouds of heaven. He took the grandest of apocalyptic language, 'The kings of the earth do bring their glory into it,' 'The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ,' and boldly claimed its fulfilment in the here and now. His is the most thorough-going attempt to realize the Kingdom of Christ in actual Christendom, with the Bishop of Rome as theocratic King.

And which were right—the men who despaired and looked heavenwards, or the idealist who tried to re-make the world ? Or, since we know that the end did not come, nor was the theocracy achieved, were they both wrong ? Perhaps all we can say (yet it is a good deal to say) is that here we see a concern for the establishment of Christian rule *in the world* ; but the this-worldly triumph cannot be separated from, cannot be understood without, the transcendent faith, of which the language of eschatology remains the natural expression.

It is amazing how often in Christian history men have thought that they were coming to the end of the world. The only thing still more amazing is, how often they were *almost* right. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage (*c.* 250), thought that the end was near :

> 'The world has now grown old, and does not abide in that strength in which it formerly stood. . . . The farmer is failing in the fields, the sailor at

> sea, the soldier in the camp, innocence in the market, justice in the courts, concord in friendships, skill in the arts, discipline in morals, . . . This is the sentence passed on the world, this is God's law, that everything which had a beginning should perish, and things which have grown should become old, and strong things should become weak, and great things small, and that, when they have become weakened and diminished, they should come to an end.' [1]

Cyprian is arguing with pagans who say that the decline of the Empire, obvious in every department of life around them, wars, famine, pestilence (calamities which the Christian eschatology foretold), is because of the Christians' desertion of the gods of Rome. The bishop agrees with their reading of the times, but he contradicts their conclusions :

> 'Not,' he says, 'because your gods are not worshipped by us, but because our God is not worshipped by you. . . . He is Lord and Ruler of the world. . . . You are indignant that God is angry, as if by an evil life you were deserving of any good, and as if all such things which befall you were not infinitely less and of smaller account than your sins.'

I have good precedent, you see, for being rough (in my dream) with my Millennial Dawnist !

As St. Cyprian writes the time has come which shall for Christians turn the sun into darkness and the moon into blood [2]—the last half-century of persecution, the fiercest and most devastating. No wonder that he writes—almost whatever work of his you open—in the language of apocalypse.

It strikes me as most strange that at this very time, that other Father (in spite of his lack of canonization, most of us would say that greater Father), Origen, is writing in a different strain. He is not looking up, despairing of the world. He is looking out over it, with new definition in his hope. To his prophetic gaze, the final triumph of Christianity, beyond the desperate battle of the next two generations, is in sight :

> 'Every form of worship will be destroyed, except the religion of Christ which will alone prevail. . . . It will one day triumph as its principles take possession of the minds of men more and more every day. . . . What when not only a few agree, as at present, but the whole Empire of Rome ? . . . If all the Romans . . . embrace the Christian faith . . . they will not war at all. . . . It is not only possible, but certain that all—Asia, Europe, Libya, Greeks and barbarians, all to the uttermost ends of the earth . . . will come under one Law.' [3]

He means the Law of Christ. To such modern theologians as meet the evils of this age with a pessimism which nothing can shake, this may sound like out-moded nineteenth-century liberalism.

[1] *Address to Demetrianus.*
[2] Ac 2^{20}. [3] *Contra Celsum*, viii. 68–70.

But note that it is from the mid-third, not the late nineteenth, century. Not because of theological prejudice, nor the swing of modern fashions, but dispassionately as a surveyor of the centuries, make your choice : which of them is right ?

Here we have an answer. More obviously than in anything which has gone before, we can see the answer as a fact of history, to which we can put a date. From the year 313, the Edict of Milan, onwards, 'every form of worship' in this western world *is* doomed, never seriously to challenge the Christian advance, till 1917 (in Russia) and 1933 (in Germany) saw a revival of European paganism. But do not be in too great a hurry, and say 'Origen alone was right.' They are both of them connected with the this-worldly triumph. Origen was a confessor in the final persecutions. Cyprian was a martyr. Again the this-worldly triumph cannot be separated from, cannot be understood without, the transcendent faith, of which the language of eschatology remains the natural expression.

That is what I had begun to say about St. Cyprian : he writes the language of apocalypse. Let me take an example which has associations for all of us. I almost called it the favourite verse of my favourite hymn, but *Te Deum* is not a favourite hymn. It is incomparable. In the second verse its writer, probably Niceta of Remesiana (*c.* 400),[4] is looking back one and a half centuries, and borrowing words from Cyprian's *De Mortalitate* :

> The glorious company of the Apostles,
> The exulting regiment of the Prophets,
> The numberless throng of Martyrs. . . . [5]

He alters the third phrase, probably by recollection of another passage from the same writer, his *De Lapsis* : [6] not 'numberless throng,' not (as our accustomed English has it) 'noble army'—

> *'Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus,'*
> The glorious company of the Apostles,
> The renowned regiment of the Prophets,
> The *white-robed* army of Martyrs, praise Thee.
> The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

Let us turn up the original passage. Recall it in future when you sing 'We praise Thee, O God.' Cyprian is writing after that first of the ghastly persecutions organized on an empire-wide scale, meant to destroy the whole institution once and for all. Many had apostasized—the forty years of peace which had preceded had ill-prepared them for such a testing. If you were suspected of having been a Christian you had to get a registration card proving you were not :

> 'I, ——, son of ——, of —— village, age —, scar over the right eyebrow'

[4] A. E. Burn, *The Te Deum and Its Author.*
[5] *De Mortalitate*, 26. [6] *De Lapsis*, 2.

(you see there were no cheap passport photographs then)

> 'have sacrificed to the imperial gods, and have eaten of the sacrificial meal. Countersigned by witness, ——. Stamped by the officer for the oversight of the sacrifices.' [1]

In a pagan land an official can almost always be 'squared,' if you can offer enough. Some of them made a nice thing out of it. But they were sorry Christians who would even pretend to be worshippers of the Emperor's image. Some, with more justification, excused themselves thus :

> 'My mind stood firm. My faith was strong. My soul struggled long, unshaken by the torturing pains. But when, . . . wearied out as I was, the whip was now tearing me, the clubs bruised me, the rack stretched me, the iron claw dug into me, the fire roasted me—my flesh failed me in the fight, the weakness of my body gave way.' [2]

A sordid business it is. We have all heard stories, which made us feel faint, from camps in Germany. I was almost physically sick when a missionary from Manchuria told me of methods of third degree used by the Japanese on Chinese Christian leaders during the past ten years. A ghastly business. . . .

[1] Cf. the well-known *libellus* in B. J. Kydd, *Documents*, i. 186.
[2] Cyprian, *De Lapsis*, 13.

But listen :

> 'The white-robed cohort of Christ's soldiers is here, who in the fierce fight have broken the onslaught of a pressing persecution, having been ready for the suffering of the cell, armed for undergoing death. Bravely you have resisted the world. You have given a glorious spectacle in the eyes of God, an example to your brethren who shall follow you. . . . How joyously does your Mother Church receive you into her bosom as you return from battle ! How blissfully, how gladly, does she open her gates that in united bands you may enter, bearing the trophies of a prostrate foe ! With the men come women also, who, while contending with the world have even overcome their sex ; and maidens come with the double glory of their warfare, and boys whose virtues are more than the measure of their years.' [3]

Is it the tread of human feet on earth that I hear, or the hoofs of the heavenly horsemen ? Is the bishop speaking of those who come back to work and witness in this sordid world—till the Faith does triumph with the Emperor Constantine—or is it the Church Triumphant up in heaven ?

He is talking about both. He is talking about both together. And he knows that the two are one. The triumph and glory of the Apocalypse are rightly predicated of the faithful, even amid the sordidness of the struggle, even while to earthly eyes the issue is still in doubt.

[3] *Ib.* 2.

To be continued.

In the Study

Virginibus Puerisque.

'Try the other End.'

By the Reverend Stuart Robertson, M.A., Lisbon.

'Thy statutes have been my songs.'—Ps 119^{54}.

Once a teacher was giving a lesson to a class of boys and she was talking about a stalk of wheat. She told the story of its growth from the seed to the ripe ear, and how the toil of the farmer and God's sunshine and rain all worked together to produce this wonderful thing. She then went on to describe the grains lying side by side along the stalk in golden beauty and was getting quite eloquent and poetical about it, when a small boy cut in with this unexpected remark, 'You can make a grand whistle oot o' the ither end.'

Whether he thought she was paying too much attention to the one end of the stalk I don't know ; but his word is a useful reminder that there are many things in life that might add something to the cheerful music of life, if we didn't fix our attention too much to one end of them : uncomfortable things, unpleasant things, sad and sorrowful things, which could be found to be not merely sad and sorrowful and uncomfortable, if we would try the other end. 'You can make a grand whistle oot o' the ither end.'

In one of the Psalms the singer is looking back upon some trouble that had come into his life. What it was nobody knows, but he says, looking back, 'it was good that I was afflicted, that I might learn the statutes of the Lord' ; and in another verse he says, 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.' At one end of his experience was sadness. He tried the other end, and got a song out of it, a song which Christian folk will sing in their worship as long as time lasts.

St. Paul tells us of a trouble that vexed his body, some illness, which laid him flat, a poor helpless thing, when he wanted to be up and doing. He felt it so keenly that he called it 'the messenger of Satan,' and prayed to God three times to take it away. God didn't take it away ; but, because St. Paul was a gallant soul, he didn't lie down to it and say 'it can't be helped.' He turned it about

and tried the other end, and piped a brave tune about God's grace, and where at first he had hated his infirmity now he says, 'I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me, for when I am weak then I am strong.'

One of the great dreams of St. Paul's life was to go to Rome and preach in the 'Eternal City' the eternal gospel of the love of God in Jesus Christ. The dream came true, but not in the way he had dreamed: for he landed in Rome a prisoner, and all his restless energy and eager spirit were shut up within four narrow walls. It must have been bitter for him, and perplexing, as if his life was being wasted, as if God had forgotten him. His friends in far-off Philippi wondered too, and were much discouraged and said so.

But again St. Paul turned things round, and tried the other end, and found a brave music, and this is the tune he played to cheer his friends in Philippi: 'I want you to understand that the things that have happened to me are helping the gospel of Christ. Everybody sees that I am in prison because of my connexion with Christ, and this has given many of my brethren courage to speak out the word of God without fear. The result is that Christ is being preached and I am glad of it.'

Milton was a great patriot in the troubled days of the Civil War in England. His pen was busy in the defence of England before the world and in the defence of liberty in England. Then a terrible calamity fell upon him; he went totally blind. It seemed the end of all his usefulness. But he too turned things round; the patriot became the poet; and out of his blindness he sang the mighty songs of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. He played a grand tune on the other end! The things he wrote when he had his sight are forgotten now, but the songs he sang out of his blindness will live for ever.

John Bunyan preached in the fields and streets of England the gospel of Jesus Christ, and, like St. Paul, he was clapped in prison for it. It was a sore blow to him, for to his eager spirit it seemed that preaching Christ was the only thing worth doing, and now it was denied him. But there was another end to it: if he couldn't preach, he could write. He wrote many things in prison, and one thing he began to write in prison is one of the finest things ever written. It was *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Had he not been imprisoned it might never have been written; and it was written because he had faith and courage to turn his imprisonment about and try the other end, and from the other end he drew something which has gone over the whole world, for no book, except the Bible, has been translated into so many languages as *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

In your life, as in the lives of all of us, things befall soon or late which seem hard and pointless. Try the other end and see what music you can get out of them. Sorrow will teach you the secret of sympathy, trial will teach you the secret of faith. Try the other end of sorrow and trial and disappointment, and get out of them brave songs of sympathy and faith and hope. These are the music the world needs to hear. There is nothing of which it isn't true that 'you can make a grand whistle oot o' the ither end.'

'All one body we.'

By the Reverend Chas. M. Hepburn, B.D., Crieff.

'Many members . . . but one body.'—1 Co 12^{20}.

In the passage from which that text is taken St. Paul teaches us that the body will be seriously weakened unless all its members are in accord and work together as a team.

Now we need that advice first of all for winning this war. President Roosevelt gave us the name 'United Nations' and we must remember that 'united' is what we have got to be, for it is only by working together as a team that we shall pull through. And playing together what a powerful team we are. In the scrum there are resolute Russia, unconquerable China, the plucky Poles, the Fighting French, the dour Dutch, the noble Norwegians, the gallant Greeks, and the never-yielding Yugo-Slavs. At scrum-half and stand-off we have America, who I think is as good as two, serving the scrum, giving us the ball, for America is our biggest source of supplies. And then as three-quarters, who have to fight all over the field, we have our splendid fellow-countrymen overseas, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. And I feel we in Britain stand at full-back. Sometimes we penetrate upfield, sometimes we are pushed back again, but we defend with all our native dourness, as we did after Dunkirk, when that famous cartoon appeared showing a steel-helmeted soldier standing on the white cliffs of Dover and saying defiantly, 'Very well, alone.' Anyhow there we are now, fighting together as a team, and I know if we keep the true team spirit we shall not fail.

In the second place, however, and this is very important indeed, we shall have to continue to work together as a team or we shall not win the peace. It is partly because we were all so busy playing our own small selfish game that Hitler got his opportunity to start the war and attack us apart. In the future we must make this our aim instead: 'all for each, and each for all.' And why should we not work together in this wonderful world as a team? On the football field of a Christian college in Syria someone saw this sight before the outbreak of this war. A game was being played by the college eleven, whose captain was an Abyssinian, the backs a Turk and an Armenian, whose nations once were inveterate enemies, while half-backs and forwards included a Syrian, a Persian, other Turks, a Greek, and a Copt. The trainer, it seems, was an Irishman. The head of the school was an American. So there they were, men and lads from many countries and several continents, all harmoniously playing together as a team. Now, why shouldn't there be a team like that, pulling together for a better world?

And that brings me finally to what I believe is the clue and the cure—the team needs a Captain. And there is One able to take on the job, namely, Jesus Christ. And a worthy one He is. And what is more He isn't merely a trainer or a teacher, He

fights in the field alongside of us, too. For there's one grand thing to bear in mind. He never said 'Go on, I'll follow,' but 'Follow Me,' and Himself went into the thick of the fray. And what an inspiration it should be to us to feel He is still working with us and watching us with eager eyes as we strive for His fairer and better world. At another football match, between a team of Indian mission school boys and their great rivals, the small centre-forward of the mission school team shot a goal and in justified rapture shouted aloud, in an Indian language of course, 'Look, Lord Jesus, Look!' I think that was absolutely splendid. And wasn't it also very natural? So just let us think that our team of nations is playing this more important game constantly under the eye of our Captain and with His help, and press on with fervour and faith and enthusiasm to our goal of a better world, saying

'Look, Lord Jesus, Look!'

The Christian Year.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

To the Men and Women on Service.

BY THE REVEREND GEO. JOHNSTONE JEFFREY, B.D., GLASGOW.

'But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of. Therefore said the disciples one to another, Hath any man brought him ought to eat?'—Jn $4^{32.\ 33}$.

After a long journey in the broiling sun Jesus sits by Jacob's well, hungry, thirsty, tired to the bone. There His disciples leave Him to rest while they go into the city to buy food. Judge of their surprise when they find Him there on their return a changed Being, His face aglow, His nature obviously replenished. Are they too late? Has someone been before them with bread? No. The transfiguration of His face is due to other causes. In their absence He has won a woman's soul. In ministering to another's need He has forgotten Himself. And, everywhere and always, to forget self is to find deliverance and peace. Jesus had hidden resources of refreshment.

'I have meat to eat that others know not of.' Let us brood on this story of Jesus and the poor, soiled woman by the well, and find in it comfort and strength for our present-day conditions.

At the outset, may we not find here *an antidote to war weariness*? Most of you, young men and women wearing the king's uniform, if you told the honest truth, would confess that your days are passed in a kind of inner lassitude which tends to become chronic. You are weary of discipline, the days succeeding one another, leaden with boring routine. You are weary of separation from home. A great, external power seems to have claimed you to the uttermost and gives you, only at lengthy intervals, a grudging leave, and then hails you back to endless servitude. You are weary of war news, which seems to grow daily darker. You are weary of others, the set of people who chafe and fret you scores of times a day. In a humbler frame of mind, you are weary of yourselves, of your frank failure before the stern tests of character which war places in your way. If such be the case, if moods like these come down as a damp, disheartening mist on your spirit, how are you to win through undishonoured? Perhaps the story before us suggests the answer. Jesus, we have said, forgot His own weariness in saving a woman's soul, in bringing vision and hope and courage to begin anew into a nature that had become cynical about itself. Will it not restore the fading inspiration to eye and hand and heart to remember that a new and better world can come to birth, not by anything dramatic or spectacular in your life, but just by grimly, dourly holding on? A great trust has been put into your hands—a trust for the future. Join the shining company of those who have marched down the ages towards a consummation of ordered peace they may not live to see, dying in faith, 'not having received the promises', but having seen them afar off, cleansed of self so utterly as to be able to say:

> Others, I doubt not, if not we
> The issue of our toil shall see;
> Young children gather as their own
> The harvest which the dead have sown,
> The dead, forgotten and unknown.

Again, the story before us sheds a flashlight on *the meaning of discipline*.

Jesus might have been amply justified in taking no notice of this woman and her need. Had He not a duty to Himself? He was tired in body, tired of crowds, tired of speaking. He was in desperate need of 'letting go,' of relaxing, of being, for a season, 'His own man.' Why, then, did He put all such thoughts of self aside at the woman's approach, instinctively and instantaneously, and set His whole nature, rich in divine sympathy, at the woman's disposal? *Simply because He could not help Himself.* Disciplined by love to think constantly of others before Himself, the sudden call to minister to another's need finds the inevitable happening. Tired though He was, the thing He was for ever doing He did at once—may we say—automatically, spontaneously.

Here is the secret of all discipline—or the want of it. What we are, what, by a thousand acceptances or refusals within our own breasts, we do or decline to do, that we do, or fail to do, when the sudden test comes. That is a great word of our Lord—'There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed: neither hid that shall not be known.' The test of all inner discipline is the swift, unforeseen emergency. Character will *out*.

There is a vivid passage in Charlotte Brontë's masterpiece, presenting a situation which, some day or other, in a form peculiar to ourselves and to no other human soul, we must be prepared to meet. This is the perennial test of all of us—whether in some eerie moment of deadly peril, we shall bow to the dictates of stern duty on the one hand or soft inclination on the other. Jane Eyre is urged to ignore the ban placed on her marriage and, for a time, her brain rocks and

flames with the strong temptation. But she wins through. 'I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad—as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation: they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour. . . . Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by: there I plant my foot.'

Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is he who, in some lightning stroke of temptation, finds the momentum of his higher nature, the sum total of a thousand obscure, inner victories, swinging him round instantaneously, instinctively, with a kind of whole-hearted indignation, to what is right and pure and true. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear: which, being interpreted, is —'This means *you*!'

Lastly, in this story we have God's pledged word that, *when outward supports fail us, inward resources shall not be wanting.*

So many outward prospects have faded in the demands of war! The Army, the Navy, the Air Force have filched from you your very career. Some of you would have been well on in your university course, or would have had your foot on the first rung of promotion in some honourable business or calling. So much has been taken away from you; sometimes you wonder if anything worth while is left. It is something inward alone that will enable you to carry on.

When Shackleton and his few followers lost their ship *Endurance* in the Antarctic, and had to face another perilous journey, the explorer tells us what the men threw away and what they kept. 'They begrudged keeping even the bread that in a few days might be indispensable to their existence, since it was heavy carrying. Even money grew weighty in their pockets. But one thing they all preserved to the end—their private photographs of the home folks—food for their souls, stimulus and strength to their spirits in that arduous journey. *Sovereigns were thrown away; photographs were kept!*'

The power to carry on in these hard days—whence comes it? Not from things seen, the bread that nourishes our bodies, but from thoughts, remembrances, intuitions, bonds strong and enduring because they link us to the unseen. Let war, with its separation, its boredom, its weariness nigh unto death, do its worst to you. God will see to it that, in His own gracious way, there will come, at the right moment, assurances, reinforcements, strength more than human for each recurring need. Make your war experience a venture of faith with the Captain of your salvation, and you will emerge from it all with cubits added to your stature, a new creature of hardy will, of high resolve, battered in body, it may be, but in the end—a spiritual thoroughbred.

Faint not, nor fear;
His arm is near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

A People's Tribute to a Prophet.

BY THE REVEREND MALCOLM M. MACLEOD, M.A., OBAN.

'John did no miracle: but all things that John spake of this man were true.'—Jn 10[41].

'John did no miracle.' Did they expect him to do miracles? Yes, for was not the power to do mighty works a frequent, though not an invariable, accompaniment of the prophetic gift? Here at long last was a prophet of the old school who stirred the nation as it had not been stirred for centuries. The people crowded out to Jordan to hear the authentic word of God from his lips. Who might he be—this weird man so uncouthly clad, living on desert fare, preferring solitude to the habitations of man? Some thought he was Elijah come back to the world again, or one of the prophets of long ago. Was not Elijah also a man of the wilds, whose personality had survived in memory, wearing a peculiar mantle? Another thunderbolt, whose vehement speech stung men's consciences, and who vanished in a chariot of fire? They thought John was Elijah; and, so believing, it was natural that they should expect him to do wonders; only he didn't! That was his limitations as a prophet, and some people on the edge of his crowds were disappointed of thrills.

But though he did no miracles, nevertheless they paid him a very great tribute: 'Everything he said concerning Jesus was true.' Well, that is worth pondering; it is an enviable compliment to pay to a preacher. Let me speak of some of the things John said about Jesus.

'There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose'—That was *John's insight into Christ's character.* Already he had divined in Jesus a nature more at home in the secrets of God than he was, and a man destined to take over the spiritual leadership of the nation. We have no record of their having met before the dramatic encounter at Jordan, but John must have known his kinsman intimately, and the reverential awe with which he speaks of him is a fruit of their friendship.

One likes to think of the two great contemporaries, so different in temperament yet so akin in their concern for the spiritual good of men, talking of the deep things of God while each makes discovery of the other's character. In Jesus' presence John learnt to take a humble view of himself and of his vocation; and thus when his disciples in their zeal or the authorities in their perplexity would jockey him into a false pre-eminence—hinting that *he* might be the Messiah—he hastens to correct them: 'I am not worthy to unloose his shoe's latchet; he must increase, I must decrease.' There is a note of pained surprise in his voice as he tries to prevent Jesus from submitting to the baptism of repentance. I have need to be baptized of Thee and comest Thou to me? If later on, under stress of suffering, John's faith faltered, that is understandable, but does not invalidate his original insight. The very form of

his famous question—'Art Thou He that should come, or must we go on looking for another?'—preserves something of the reverence he felt for Jesus. It was to *Him* after all the question was addressed, and there was not in all John's world another to whom he would have dreamed of sending it. Either Jesus was the Heaven-sent One, or the vigil of centuries must continue yet awhile.

'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' That was *John's insight into Christ's redemptive mission.* In his own preaching sin and repentance were the focal points, and he employed threats of imminent judgment to turn men penitently to God. It would be foolish to think no good could come of that appeal for John had many souls to his hire. But undoubtedly there was far too much of fear in men's thought of God in John's day as there is less of it than is wise in our own; and from his talks with Jesus he had surmised that a fresh manifestation of God's nature was at hand. Dods suggests that John had been speaking to the people of Isaiah's vision of the suffering Servant of God 'meekly enduring wrong' before Jesus came to Jordan; and when he hailed Jesus as the Lamb of God they were already predisposed to look at Him expectantly. Next day it needed but a hint from the Prophet to send two of his disciples hurrying after him to begin the friendship that was to be so momentous in their lives.

John's declaration has become a classic statement of the 'word of the cross' but it can hardly have had for his mind the full import it later acquired. Yet even for him it cannot have meant less than a new apprehension of God as the sin-bearing Saviour. What if God's nature be Love, and the mission of Jesus to make the truth so persuasive that he would become God's power unto the salvation of men! He would suffer, the Lamb would be sacrificed, but God's love would be the more commended so, and His forgiveness would become the new ground for the 'fear of the Lord that is clean, and endureth for ever.'

I baptize you with water. He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost. That was *John's insight into Christ's ministry.* Experience has taught John how ineffectual exhortation and sacramental rite can be without inward renewal. Baptism could not effect the thing it signified, and as in other revivals some of his converts soon relapsed into the old ways of living. But John anticipated Christ would bring divine resources to the saving of souls and that His ministry would be as distinctive as the man: He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

Of the originality of Christ's ministry the gospel bears ample witness. It marks a break with the traditional conception of the prophetic office even at its best. He was no more like Isaiah or Jeremiah than their books are like our Gospels. How little of deliberate exhortation there is in them! Jesus went about doing good, and the word became flesh in His hands as often as it became eloquent on His lips. His profoundest words, His most memorable stories, flowered amid the casual contacts of life and were first heard by individuals or little groups of folk whom He chanced to meet on the way. But through the seeming casualness of His life there runs a clear thread of purpose. His aim, never lost sight of, was to give men power to become the children of God. Of His ability to bestow this power there is never a question in His mind; only of men's willingness to receive it.

Though evidently He said little of the Holy Spirit, it is by the spirit that men become alive unto God, and everywhere in Christ's presence men sensed the divine power. Paul once met at Ephesus a small group of faithful disciples of John the Baptist and when he asked them if they had received the Holy Ghost when they believed they replied, 'We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.' Is it not strange that John should have left them in such ignorance? We have not their excuse, though what some of us have heard about the Holy Ghost has given the impression that it is a superlative gift for the spiritually elite. But Jesus rather speaks of the Holy Spirit as the birthright of every believer. 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' It is this 'lift' to a higher plane of life John so much desired; and Jesus gave it abundantly to those who received Him; for what is the Holy Spirit but Christ's *alter Ego,* as Denney puts it; 'what is communicable of Himself abiding in them that love and obey Him.'

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Our Elemental Need of God.

BY THE REVEREND R. WRAGGE MORLEY, M.A., HEREFORD.

'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.'—Ps 61^2.

This man is offering us a bit of elemental religion. It is the cry of a man face to face with untoward and crushing facts. He needs more than human skill can bring him. He needs God.

Of the circumstances of this man we know nothing. He cries to God from 'the ends of the earth,' so we know that he was in exile, or at least removed from, and perforce kept from, Jerusalem, the centre of his faith. The road he is travelling is grim, uncertainty is upon him, loss threatens. He and his country are in jeopardy. That we know, and it is enough. The experience is not removed from us; we know what it means. But this prayer is always necessary. A turn of the road and some shaking, paralysing upheaval may come to us; some loss, temptation or trouble; and our need is plain. We see then

1. *Our Inexorable Need of God.*

It is true there are easy patches of life in the experience of all of us. The temptation then is to think that we can do without God. Over much of our lives might well hang the sign to be seen at times outside factories: 'No help needed.' But there is something in us that is unsatisfied without Him. It was for that reason that the Greeks chose as their word for man, *anthropos,* the upward looker. Neither are we such expert guiders of

our own way and destiny, or so instinct with fine ideals that we do not need Him. And, remember, the God who is not Lord of all life is not Lord of life at all. Far too often we try to pilot and captain the ship of our lives ourselves. We need some sense of the dependability of life; some Rock, solid, sure and restful; Someone to command our solitariness, and to give meaning to this otherwise inexplicable life of ours. And we need someone higher than ourselves; like us, yet unlike too in His trustworthiness, His vision and His power. As Dostoievsky put it in his short story, *A Raw Youth*: 'A man who bows down to nothing can never bear the burden of himself.' The ancients put it more simply and pictorially in the old Persian legend which told of a father going on a long journey and giving to his son ere he set off a mirror. The discovery of himself which it gave was a new thing. It absorbed him. And when the father returned he found that the boy had starved to death through the continual looking at himself. It is a sure way to starve to death both emotionally and spiritually.

Life, after all, is too big for any of us alone. Crises come upon us for which we find no final solution short of God. A spiritual problem arises that defies our unaided understanding. For 'the profoundest convictions have their days of weakness.' We need the Mighty One then, the Rock that is higher than ourselves. So it is also when a grief rends the heart. Heine, that unbelieving genius, found that, you remember, when he watched by his mother's dying bed. In his desire to help her, he tells us: 'I thought over all the great and little inventions of man, but nothing would answer. Then I commended her to God, and composed a prayer that she might read it. She was my mother, and had always loved me dearly, and she was going away from me, and this was all I could do for her. We are not great,' he goes on, 'and our happiness is when we can believe in something greater and better than ourselves.' It is the discovery we all need to make.

But it is true in the common burden of every day. We need One to keep lighting us up and lifting us up. A poet of our own time says: 'Our art, our literature, our politics are impoverished for lack of a fundamental faith that would enable us to face life with confidence, and to feel, as our fathers felt, the thrill of a great purpose.' Only in Him are we really secure. Only in Him do we find lasting and satisfying stimulus for living. Our surface substitutes do not meet the deepest needs and cravings of our hearts. We need God.

So this man went seeking for an answer in his prayer. It is difficult to know the exact wording of his desire. Our old version has it thus: 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' He longed for a shelter, a refuge, the warm sense of security and a higher care protecting him. But the Revised Version margin gives us another wording of it: 'Lead me to a rock too high for me,' and, with this we can put the old paraphrase: 'Lord, give me a good stiff climb!' And we get the note of challenge, the stretching of our own powers, the element of aspiration. They look so different at first, but they are not inimical. Most deep things have about them this strange duality. Any man who is a true lover finds in the one he loves the shelter and stay he needs from the difficulties and rivalries of the world. With her he is at peace in the sense of her understanding and love. But just as much he finds in her a spur and a challenge. He has a new responsibility in regard to life. Here then is

2. *What we need and find in God.*

We cry alike for Him as refuge and challenge, as shelter and stimulus. That we may have the assurance of man's place in the universe and of God's love, and that we may discover in Him a creative urge to new heights.

(1) *Enshelterment.* Our hearts at times do crave for that. There are moments when we know it is true that 'other shelter have I none.' There is no thought here of clinging to a rock, a refuge precarious and unresponsive. Rather it speaks of rugged sufficiency and of the unchangeableness of God's love and provision for us. And this does help. 'The highest peace comes to men when their life is centred not in what is best in them, but in that beyond them which is better than their best.' And in God there is a shelter deeper and richer than that. A young student, some years ago now, was learning his work visiting among the very poor in a Highland town. He came across an old woman, exceedingly poor, living in one room. After he got her confidence he found that she was, by contrast, rich in spiritual experience. In a mixture of Gaelic and English she told him how as a girl she was in great anxiety concerning her life. So strained was she that she fell into a sort of trance. She saw herself in a cornfield. Some distance away twelve men were reaping, and among them was another, head and shoulders taller than they, his hair 'like a shower of silver,' majestic, impressive, and wonderfully attractive. 'As soon as I saw Him I knew He was the Saviour, whom my soul yearned for; and my soul, in the form of a little naked child, fled from me and sped across the stubble with the whir of a partridge and came to His feet. He turned and looked down, and said, "What! You here, and you such a little one and so cold! I'll cover you!" and with that He took the folds of His robe and flung them round the shivering child. Then she awoke. But the sense of that ensheltering presence had never left her through the years.' But besides that we need

(2) *Challenge.* And it is there for us in the other version of our text. 'Lead me to a rock that is too high for me.' 'Give me a good stiff climb.' There is something invigorating in that. This man believes relief will come not through sinking into unconsciousness, but by rising to higher consciousness. There is in us that which responds to a challenge. And this responsiveness in us is God-implanted. And, remember this, when God leads us to the rock He leads us up it too. What else does the Incarnation mean? He leads, but

He does not lift and carry us or compel us to go His way. Personal security and moral obligation —what then ?

3. *Our Faith must reveal Itself.*

Our religion must not be allowed to become a frozen asset, valuable but out of use. We must live on it, count regularly on God's care and availability. We must make response to His challenge. For He who said 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest,' said also, 'Be ye perfect as My heavenly Father is perfect.' All this did make a difference to the early followers of Jesus. 'When they perceived the boldness of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.' His spirit had got into them. It is so easy for it to become otherwise. Henry James, father of Henry and William, whom we know, wrote in 1856 to Emerson some words on Carlyle's latest books : 'Carlyle is the same old sausage, fizzing and spluttering in his own grease, only infinitely more unreconciled to the blessed Providence which guides human affairs. He names God frequently, and alludes to the highest things as if they were realities ; but it almost looks as if he did it only for a picturesque effect, so completely does he seem to regard them as habitually circumvented and set at nought by politicians.' He names God frequently . . . but only for picturesque effect—is it an unknown thing to-day ? God is being challenged to-day. Will He fail ? It seemed so in those far-off days when the Temple was defiled, and broth of swine's flesh sprinkled over the altars of sacrifice. 'It looked as if Jehovah had been driven into the outer darkness. But some men had faith still, and amid the fastnesses of Palestine the Maccabees arose and accepted the challenge of a good stiff climb ; and God won. So it has been time and time again. Lift up your eyes, then, and your hearts and hands. Do you know those lines that Henry Van Dyke wrote of the indomitable explorer Hudson, turned adrift with his three companions by the mutineers, yet refusing to abandon his dream of finding the North-West Passage ?

To-morrow ! Who can tell ?
The lucky chance awaits the fearless heart . . .
The world is round and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer,
So, point her up, John King, no'west by north,
We'll keep the honour of a certain aim
Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

That is our wisdom too. When we have been led to the rock that is higher than ourselves, we are not daunted but stimulated by a good stiff climb.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

All Saints.

'To all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi.'—Ph 1[1].

'To *all* the saints,' for apparently there were a number of them in this little church at Philippi. And they were not the conspicuous people in the church either—for the Apostle mentions them separately, 'to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, *with the bishops and deacons*.' Let us quote a stanza of what Lowell says of the festival of All Saints :

One feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep ;
The bravely dumb, that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

It is to that great company of the unknown good that 'all these saints' of Philippi belonged.

1. 'To all the saints.' And the fact that we do not know the names of these Philippians reminds us of the simple fact that God has in every age His humble and unnoticed saints. The names on the ecclesiastical calendars do not exhaust the number of the saints.

We thank God for apostles and prophets and saints and martyrs—for Peter with that warm human heart of his ; for John with his soaring vision ; for Paul with his mighty brain and his evangelistic passion. We thank God for Ignatius with his courage, and Chrysostom with his eloquence, and Augustine with that great mind of his consecrated to the service of Christ. We thank God for St. Francis with his heart of love, and St. Thomas Aquinas with his massive learning, and Saint Theresa with her passionate devotion. We thank God for those other great saints of His—none the less saints that the title is never prefixed to their names—Martin Luther with his deep soul, and John Calvin with his subtle intellect, and John Knox with his flaming zeal, and William Tyndale with his sacrificial devotion.

It is inevitable that in the writing of history attention should be concentrated on the outstanding figures. In the narration, for example, of the story of a war it is the names of the generals or admirals in command that are emphasized. When we think of Blenheim, we think of Marlborough ; when we think of Trafalgar, we think of Nelson ; when we think of Waterloo, we think of Wellington. But what could Nelson have done without his sailors ? And what could Marlborough or Wellington have done without their soldiers ? It was a true instinct that, at the close of the last tragic war, gave a grave in Westminster Abbey to the 'unknown soldier.' It was by his courage and sacrifice the war was won. And it is much like that with the Church.

'All the saints'—and of these saints it is only God who has the full and complete list. The rest of us have lists of our own. When it comes to my list—I have on it the humble old saint who taught me as a lad in the Welsh Sunday School ; I have on it an old College chum who did more for me than all my Professors ; I have an old deacon of mine at Lincoln who made me realize the beauty of holiness ; I have Silvester Horne ; I have Peter Forsyth ; I have Arnold Thomas. Yes, and many

another to whose influence, in some measure, I owe my soul and who helped to kindle and keep in flame my love for Christ.

2. In the second place, we get from this phrase a suggestion as to the true *idea of sainthood*. It is a sad pity that the word 'saint' ever came to be used as a title. For as a title it has become the prerogative of only a few. A saint, according to the Roman rule, is one who had exercised the three theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and the cardinal virtues, prudence, justice, and fortitude *in a heroic degree*, and has persevered in their exercise till death, and who can produce evidence of the performance of such miracles as are the expected fruit of heroic faith. But this phrase calls us back from this ecclesiastical conception of sainthood to the simpler New Testament idea.

There was nothing even ecclesiastical about them. For that again is another perversion which this word 'Saint' has suffered. It has come to be identified almost with men and women who were devoted to what is technically called the 'religious' life.

We may not be in danger of falling into these errors but we *are* in danger sometimes of confining our idea of the 'saints' to those who have joined the general assembly and church of the first-born who are enrolled in heaven. Now, of course, we are right in thinking of those who have passed into the Father's house as being 'saints.' But it is important to remember that they are saints up yonder only because first of all they were saints here below. The word 'saint' in the New Testament, as Bishop Moule says, 'gravitates by Scriptural usage towards the seen and temporal for its setting.' Look at the words of the text: 'To all the saints in Christ Jesus, *which are in Philippi*.' 'Not the garden of God,' if we may quote Bishop Moule once again, 'was the place of life for them, but the Roman military town, with its vices and superstitions and its angry rabble, its shops and market, its courthouse and its inner prison.'

3. 'All the saints.' This phrase does another thing for us. It lifts us clean above all the divisions created by ecclesiastical differences and makes us realize that, after all, Christ's people are one. 'I believe,' says the old creed, 'in the Communion of Saints.' Ecclesiasticism erects party walls and hinders fellowship. But all those who are really consecrated to Christ are one in their consciousness of a common life. Names like Roman, Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, all tend to divide. But the saints recognize one another. Of course if our churches were what they ought to be—assemblies of saints—there would be frank and free communion between them. But alas, ecclesiasticism often makes men forget their sainthood. But when we lay the stress on *life*—on the life consecrated to Christ—we realize we are one. A writer in *The Times* said this, 'There is that in Christians, whatever may be their varied traditions, which in their common discipleship to the Lord, reveals a unity of life bringing them nearer to one another than they know. Saintliness is interdenominational. It is seen in all the churches, differing in expression and its activities, yet always manifested in a character which can only be described as belonging to the life of the one Master and Lord.'

There is a real 'communion of saints' in our hymn book. When we sing, we join hands with men from whom ecclesiastically we were sundered far—with saints of the early centuries, with monkish saints of the Middle Ages like Bernard, with a Jesuit saint like Xavier, with modern Roman Catholic saints like Faber and Newman; with Anglican saints like George Herbert and Bishop Ken, Bishop Heber, and Walsham How, with Methodist saints like John and Charles Wesley.

'I believe in the communion of saints.' And death does not break that communion.

> One family we dwell in Him,
> One Church, above, beneath,
> Though now divided by the stream,
> The narrow stream of death.

We have no wish to establish communication by means of seances and mediums—even if such communication be possible. It is enough for us to know that spirit with spirit can meet. And again and again we have been challenged and rebuked and inspired by contact with the spirits of those who have passed on.

> Such lived not in the past alone,
> But thread to-day th' unheeding street,
> And stairs to sin and famine known
> Sing with the welcome of their feet;
> The den they enter grows a shrine,
> The grimy sash an oriel burns,
> Their cup of water glows like wine,
> Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

That old story about the dead man springing into life again by mere contact with the bones of Elisha is just a parable of what is continually happening. Silvester Horne has been dead for many years now. But do you imagine he has ceased to affect me because I no longer see him nor am able to hold audible speech with him? I tell you that again and again when I have been half inclined to be slack and to shirk things, he somehow has come back to mind and with the memory of his fiery zeal has shamed me out of my weakness and timidity. 'All the saints'—living and dead, we thank God for them, always remembering that that word *dead* is just a concession to our human weakness, for those who have passed beyond our sight are not dead at all, but are most gloriously and vividly alive. We remember too that before they became saints in glory, they were saints in some Philippi or other—in some such place as we occupy to-day. They dwell with God yonder, because they walked with God here.

> Some day or other I shall surely come
> Where true hearts wait for me;
> Then let me learn the language of that home
> While here on earth I be:
> Lest my poor lips for want of words be dumb
> In that high company.[1]

[1] J. D. Jones, *Keep Festival*, 205.

Reconstruction Problems.

XII. The Place of Women in the New Order.

By Dr. A. Maude Royden, Sevenoaks, Kent.

To say that Christ raised the status of women above anything known before in history is to repeat a commonplace. What is not generally noticed is that He achieved this by refusing to legislate for them at all. Of no other great religion in the world, so far as I can learn, is this true. In all of them there are laid down certain principles, ideals, or limitations which are intended specially for women. These ideals may be high or low, these limitations wise or narrow; but they are for women as a class, apart from men.

St. Paul followed the same course. He too laid down special principles for women by which their conduct should be guided. So did other writers in the sacred canon of the New Testament. For this they had no precedent in the teaching of our Lord. He, being directly challenged, refused to admit any difference between the moral standards of men and women ('He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her'[1]). For the rest He was silent.

Observing the almost incredible ingenuity with which the smallest suggestion of a difference between the standards—or I should rather say the values—set for the two sexes is magnified by tradition in all religions, women can hardly sufficiently appreciate this silence too highly. Our Lord's insistence on a single standard of morals for men and women has been ignored by the Christian Church almost completely and almost universally. The Society of Friends has an honourable record in the matter, but most Church people would be, to paraphrase Samuel Butler, as much shocked at any proposal to omit the first eleven verses of the eighth chapter of the Fourth Gospel from our Bibles as at any attempt to practise the truth these verses proclaim. So strange a teaching was evidently of those which the world 'could not bear' as yet. Nevertheless it contained, together with the silence of our Lord on the status of the sexes in general, the ferment which, through two thousand years, has leavened the whole lump.

It is this leaven which must profoundly affect the position and the duties of women in the new order which we hope to see arising even now and before the war is over. That order must be founded on Christianity. This is, strangely enough, very generally recognized even among those who do not accept the teaching of Christ as a revelation of God Himself. It appears that at last the world is beginning to recognize that the teaching of our Lord is the most practical, the most realistic, the most surely based on facts, of any in the world. We welcome their help, but we must also search our own hearts and find out what true Christianity does teach, and determine that we at least must found all our hopes of the new order upon it.

Why then did Christ give us no teaching on this profoundly important matter of the status of women? Because He dealt always with fundamentals and these do not concern sex.

In fundamentals men and women are alike. No special advice is needed for either. 'When they shall rise from the dead they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven.'[2] Sex is not eternal but of this world. Women, like men, are human beings and must look forward to a life in which spirit survives but without difference of sex. Here there is no advice for women as women or for men as men, but only for human beings.

In no other way could our Lord so profoundly have established the mental equality of men and women.

What then should we look for under a new order?

First we must demand the recognition of the full humanity of women.

Unfortunately, because men only were regarded as completely human in the past, and are even to this day regarded as the normal human type of which women are only the female or 'the sex,' this demand was transformed, early in the history of the Woman's Movement, into one which still accepted the assumption that men were the truly human type and that women should therefore claim rather to be masculine than to be human. Such a modification was perhaps almost inevitable, for it sprang from the universal assumption of the humanity of men and the inferiority of women. Women did not see that, in modelling their demands and themselves so completely on masculine standards, they were in fact rendering to these standards a tribute which implied an almost abject acceptance of their own inferiority.

The effect in some aspects has been almost comic. For example, it was actually stated by an advanced feminist who was concerned by the

[1] Jn 8[7].

[2] Mk 12[25] A.V.

deplorable character of the 'education' offered to girls, that girls must be offered exactly the same education as boys 'because in asking for this we knew we should be asking for the best'! This remark was considered both wise and witty at the time. To-day, in the light of all the new theories of education and the amazing weaknesses revealed in the education of boys in the past, it can only strike one as almost unbelievably naïve. No one will dream that that education was 'the best that could be demanded' and that women had therefore nothing to do but to insist on having the same. Yet even now the tradition lingers so persistently as to make it very difficult until quite recent times —and even to some extent to-day—to find a school which specializes in certain crafts which have generally been associated with women or girls. A mother whose little girl showed a remarkable aptitude for sewing and embroidery looked for a school in which girls could specialize in this craft and found none. Things are improving, no doubt, but one still finds schools so 'advanced' as to be co-educational but in which the girls are forced to sew at a time when the boys are engaged in the study of history or geography, and the girls are assumed to have made the inferior choice of sewing—though in fact they have not been allowed to choose at all.

The result of this strange reverence for masculine standards has been a very general contempt for women's work as such. The fact that they are women is a fact of importance after all, though not of eternal importance, and to ignore it altogether is fantastic. Yet there are feminists who insist on the career open to all, even if it be the career of a soldier.

Why indeed should it not be so? Because women are the bearers of life, and there is something which I believe to be both deep-seated and just in the repulsion with which most people, both men and women, regard the idea of women becoming the destroyers of the life of which they themselves are the bearers.

Our second demand therefore should be that women's work should be respected equally with men's. It is, in fact, of the first importance, for without the work of the mothers of children the race would not continue. This is so obvious that some lip-service has always been paid to it, but a careful examination will show that, in general, the more exalted talk there has been about the virtue of motherhood the less respect has been given to it in practice.

Children are still talked of as 'encumbrances' and, under the old order which we now seek to reform, they certainly are encumbrances. A devoted wife and mother told me only the other day that women were 'hampered' by their sex and by the claims of motherhood in rendering any other service or entering any other career. When I objected to the word *hampered* she urged that, though motherhood was indeed a wonderful vocation, it did prevent women from adopting any other, just as a man, being a sculptor, would be prevented from being something else—a Member of Parliament for instance. I pointed out in return that, though this was true, no one would speak of a sculptor as being *hampered* by his genius for sculpture. What all would feel would be that he had a vocation to be a sculptor and not a vocation to be a Member of Parliament. If the work of bearing and bringing up children and making homes was sincerely regarded as being at least equally important with that of a sculptor or a Member of Parliament, no one would speak of a woman as being *hampered* by it.

From this consideration follows our third claim. Women must be free to exercise any gift they have, whether it is that of public service, of art, or of motherhood. It is useless to talk sentimentally about the beauty of motherhood if at the same time women are prevented from choosing any other vocation. Compulsion of any kind must necessarily create the impression that this vocation is in fact so inferior to the others that women must be forbidden to choose them or they would undoubtedly do so. The absurdity of this is seen when one reflects how almost universal is the desire of women for marriage and motherhood. Frankly I believe it *is* almost universal; at least it is very widespread. If this is so, even when the work of the mother is made so difficult and, in general, so little respected as it is now, how deeply-seated this choice of vocation must be in most of us, and how little need there is for women to be restrained by law or by custom from choosing anything else! Yet it is only when they are really free to exercise their choice that contempt for such work will be expelled from their minds and from the minds of men. I remember being once entreated by a wealthy woman to point out to working-class women the dignity of labour in such a way as to cause them to wish their daughters to become domestic servants. I replied briefly that arguments would be useless as long as the wealthy regarded as impossibly odious the suggestion that *their* daughters should enter domestic service.

Our fourth claim follows upon all this. Those women who choose what we must for convenience call 'women's work' must be given conditions as good as women who choose other vocations. They should not be asked to make ridiculous promises to 'obey' their husbands. It will be observed that when a priest takes an oath of obedience to his bishop he is not asked to make fantastic and

unlimited promises: he is asked to promise to obey his bishop 'in his *godly* admonitions.' I do not suggest that women should be asked to obey their husbands in this admirably limited manner! All I wish to point out is that no one else is asked to make absolutely unlimited promises of obedience and that there should in future be no question of either husband or wife promising obedience to the other, in a religious service any more than in a registrar's office.

Family allowances would give to married women at least some economic independence. Such allowances should be paid neither by the employer nor to the husband but by the State to the wife. The ancient tradition that work that is unpaid is not work at all lingered long in our census papers, which until quite recently compelled the housewife to describe herself as 'unoccupied.' The disappearance of this fantastic description of one engaged in incessant and immensely important work is a sign that public opinion is, however slowly, on the upgrade as regards respect for women's work. As it is her work and not her husband's, payment should be made to her: as it is payment for a service rendered to the State, it should be paid by the State. There should be no sentimental nonsense about the impossibility of paying a woman for the work she does as wife and mother. It is impossible to pay a soldier for what he undertakes and sacrifices in the service of his country, but that is no reason for not paying him at all.

Advances made in other countries in the matter of labour-saving in the home should be intensively studied and, where shown to be advantageous, introduced here. A commission consisting of rather more women than men should be sent to study these matters in any country which is much advanced. Both the United States and the U.S.S.R. would have much of value to show, the U.S.A. chiefly in mechanical appliances and properly built houses, the U.S.S.R. in arrangements for making it possible for women to combine motherhood with outside work if they so desire. Girls should be trained in mothercraft for a period of the same length as that for which boys or young men were conscripted for any other form of national service. I take for granted that some such form of conscription will become practically universal after the war, though I trust it may neither be necessary nor advisable that the training of young men should always be military training. Exceptions should be made for young people of peculiar gifts in other ways, but the training in national service for both boys and girls should be general, these exceptions being admitted.

It is a principle of our British constitution that the expert should not be the final authority in matters of public importance. The amateur should always have the last word, and it is one of the proofs of our practical political genius that this rule has, unconsciously or consciously, been generally observed in this country. We should not have a General as Minister of War, though the latter should have all the military advisers that he wants. The expert is almost inevitably one-sided though, on that side which he has made his special province, invaluable. The amateur is able to take the wider view and keep things in proportion. It would therefore be no bar but a positive advantage if married women who have brought up children were to be elected in considerable numbers to the House of Commons. Such women, from the very circumstances of the vocation they have chosen, cannot be expert on any other subject because they have not had time to make themselves so, and the real expert cannot take up his job in middle life. But women are experts in human nature. If a married woman who has looked after a husband and brought up a family of children is not an expert in human nature, she has missed her vocation: she should have been in a factory. But in truth there is a reservoir of horse-sense among women, especially women of the working-class, who have performed this particular duty. And it is knowledge of human nature that is the most valuable *expertize* that any Member of Parliament or of any governing body most requires. To me it would seem exceedingly proper that women should be in a majority in Parliament and in Governments. And they should be for the most part not professional women, who have led lives more like the normal life of men, but women who have brought up families of children. It should not be objected that by the time they have done this they are too old to serve in this way. In a more prosperous State than ours, young men and women would for the most part marry young, and it is during the early part of her children's lives that a woman is most completely absorbed by her care of them. If she married at any age, say between twenty and twenty-five, she would be well able for public service at the age of between forty and fifty, and this is the ideal age for leadership in public matters. To her training, therefore, as a mother and housewife, would be naturally added some education in public work, in expectation of using her experience later on in the service of the public. She might of course never do so, just as she might never marry or, being married, have children, or just as a boy might never actually be a soldier. If however it were generally regarded as a very proper thing for women to enter public life in their forties, they would be less likely to lose interest in everything outside their homes during the earlier part of their life.

It is to me highly improbable that this sort of

training, education, and economic independence will be granted to women in any but a Christian country. True, there are no Christian countries as yet. It is part of our hope for the future that at last there may be. In such countries every human soul will be regarded as of equal value. This statement must not be misunderstood to be a claim that all human beings are naturally equal, for this is obviously absurd; they are not. It does however claim that all of us, *as individuals*, are equally precious in the sight of God and should therefore be equally 'important' in the sight of humanity. It means that women will no longer be regarded as the means to any one else's end, however noble the end and however sentimentally we may talk about it. It means also that children, in accordance with our Lord's own teaching, will be regarded as of enormous importance and therefore those who have the care of them will be duly respected. The position not only of the mother but of the teacher and the nurse will be enhanced. It will no longer be possible, even in jest, for an 'Anti-God Museum' to have as one of its most popular exhibits a poster showing a husband thrashing his wife whilst St. Paul looking on, Bible in hand, points to the text, 'wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord,'[1] nor for professing Christians to refer to children as encumbrances and to motherhood as a hindrance.

[1] This poster was seen by a friend of mine in an Anti-God Museum in Russia, and was pointed out to her as one of the most effective in the gallery. It is interesting to know that her guide said to her, 'Of course we know that *Jesus* never taught that sort of thing—only the Church.'

Contributions and Comments.

A New Interpretation of כֵּן יִתֵּן לִידִידוֹ שֵׁנָא (Psalm cxxvii. 2^b).

THE above expression has probably caused as much difficulty to translators and interpreters as any in the whole book of the Psalms; and no widely accepted solution of it has yet been suggested. Dr. Oesterley, in his recent extensive commentary on the Psalms, abandons the attempt to make 'adequate sense of it,' and resorts to a drastic emendation and reconstruction of the text.

We still believe that the right appreciation of the meaning of the terms of this expression will yield the key to its interpretation. Probably the plural לִידִידָיו should be read, with Jerome, for the singular of the Massoretic text.

The rendering of the Authorized Version is quite inadmissible, beautiful as is the idea conveyed by it, for it is totally inconsequential to the context.

There is a fair measure of agreement by this time that the correct rendering is: 'Just as much giveth he to his loved ones in sleep'—שְׁנָא (the Aramaic form for שֵׁנָה) denoting the state (Arabic *ḥaāl*) of the recipients. Jenning's and Lowe's rendering of the word by 'sleepwise,' denoting the *manner* or *instrument*, is very suggestive, and grammatically is in perfect keeping with the interpretation we are about to suggest.

Some commentators object to this rendering of the expression on the ground that it advocates Quietism. The whole difficulty seems to arise from the failure to appreciate the connotation of the term 'sleep' here and in other passages in the Old Testament. All the interpreters, so far as we have observed, have assumed that sleep simply means complete physical inactivity and mere passivity.

To our minds as occidentals that meaning does pretty well exhaust its significance, but not to the mind of the pious Jew. Sleep suggested to him not absence of physical activity merely, but absence of self-consciousness, while retaining some form of mental activity through which his soul was capable of receiving instruction and illumination. Let us hear what Elihu is made to say in Job 33^{14-16}:

> 'For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men. . . . *Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth instruction to them.*'

And Eliphaz again in 4^{12-13}:

> 'Now a word was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a whisper of it. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men.'

It seems to be perfectly legitimate to infer from such passages that, however cursory and inexplicit the reference in the phrase 'giveth . . . in sleep' appears to us, it opened up to the mind of the pious Jew a familiar state of mental and spiritual commerce between God and the soul. Moreover, in the light of the interpretation here suggested, the apparently sudden transition from the first three clauses to the last clause in *v.*[2] seems to be quite natural and clear. The first three clauses describe the builders and watchmen as being in a state of excessive self-consciousness; their work had 'got on their nerves,' as we should say to-day, a condition most unfavourable for successful and happy workers. Hence the unconscious aid implied in the 'giving . . . in sleep' was the natural remedy for such a condition of worry and anxiety. 'The less consciousness in our impulses and general actions,' says Coleridge, 'the better and more healthful the state both of

head and heart.' The relief and aid which are described in our verse as coming in or through the state of unconsciousness are strikingly analogous to those experienced by psychologists.

Blanshard, in his *Nature of Thought*, Vol. ii. p. 195, quotes Bertrand Russell's 'Conquest of Happiness' as follows:

> 'I have found that if I have to write upon some rather difficult topic, the best plan is to think about it with very great intensity—the greatest intensity of which I am capable—for a few hours or days, and at the end of that time to give orders, so to speak, that the work is to proceed underground. After some months, I return consciously to the topic, and find the work has been done. Before I had discovered this technique I used to spend the intervening months worrying because I was making no progress; I arrived at the solution no sooner for this worry, and the intervening months were wasted, whereas now I can devote them to other pursuits.'

It would appear that the godly man's counterpart to 'giving orders for the work to proceed underground' is to 'cast his burden' or 'commit his way' unto the Lord, who brings it to a successful issue.

EDWARD EDWARDS.

London.

The Evil Eye.

IN the August number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES Dr. C. J. Cadoux, writing on the subject of 'The Evil Eye,' criticises a contribution of mine on the same subject that appeared in the February issue. In reply I wish to make some comments. Nearly all of them can be arranged under four statements in my contribution, to which Dr. Cadoux takes exception in one way or another.

(*a*) 'No people seems to have thought or talked of a Good Eye.' This is incorrect, and I am obliged to Dr. Cadoux for pointing out my error.

(*b*) 'So far as can be traced, this striking *phrase* (*i.e.* 'a single eye') was of (Jesus') own coining.' Here Dr. Cadoux points out that 'This *usage* . . . is found also in *Test. Issachar*, iii. 4.' The *idea* is found there, but not the *phrase*, for the relevant clause runs 'I walked in singleness of eyes.' It is said that Mr. Churchill coined the name 'The Home Guard'; this would still be so even if someone else had already written, as no doubt someone did, of 'the guardianship of our homes.'

(*c*) 'The Old Testament means by an Evil Eye an evil *motive*.' Taken by itself, this sentence might *either* denote that in the Old Testament the phrase was used of *all* evil motives, *or* of *a particular* evil motive, but the context, and indeed my whole article, make it plain that I meant 'a particular evil motive.' Dr. Cadoux, however, assumes that I referred to *all* evil motives. Yet I wrote 'To "eye" a man is to wish him evil'—that is, I interpreted the phrase 'an evil eye' as denoting *one* motive, malevolence (sometimes malevolent envy, in particular). Dr. Cadoux himself indicates that here I am in good company. He himself prefers 'stinginess' to 'malevolence' (with some slight qualification). Is not stinginess a motive? And does not a symbol derived from a man's *looks* suit malevolence better than stinginess?

(*d*) Dr. Cadoux, quoting words of mine, writes 'Dr. Ryder Smith goes much beyond the evidence in saying that "Jesus revolutionized the whole concept" and meant evil motive *as such*,' but I had written '(Jesus) used (the phrase "an evil eye") to denote an evil motive, and *the motive of envy in particular*!' I went on to quote Mt 20^{15} to illustrate this—the very passage that Dr. Cadoux quotes against me! As I implied when I wrote 'Jesus did far more than *repeat the Old Testament idea*,' I agree with Dr. Cadoux that our Lord took over the Old Testament concept. But I claimed, and claim, that Jesus 'revolutionized the whole concept' by what He *added to it*. He said that a man who has an Evil Eye (and thereby harms, or seeks to harm, *someone else*) really harms *himself*. He harms himself so terribly that his 'whole body is full of darkness.' Is this an 'imaginative moral speculation,' or is it what Christ said? Surely His main meaning is plain. Yet what He said was revolutionary as well as plain.

Finally, it is true that none of *the Old Testament* passages *requires* a 'magical' interpretation, though it seems to me simplest to take Pr 23^{6} to mean that a host with an Evil Eye can harm his guest by using it—but the true question is 'Were "magical" ideas current among *the Jewish people in Jesus' day* (for instance, the idea that an Evil Eye meant demon-possession)?' There is adequate evidence that such ideas were prevalent. It is conveniently included in Elworthy's article on the Evil Eye in *ERE* (where the references under the Targums on p. 610 should be to Gn 42^{5} and Ex 33^{8}), and in the several passages given under the phrase in the index to *HDB*.

C. RYDER SMITH.

St. Albans.

'An Evil Eye.'

IN his discussion of this striking phrase Dr. C. Ryder Smith says that Jesus used the idea 'to denote an evil motive, and the motive of envy in particular.' But in what follows Dr. Smith seems to make the phrase cover malevolence or evil motive in general. Dr. C. J. Cadoux, dissenting from this, finds in the expression the more specific meaning of stinginess or greed. When the phrase is not used in the popular and superstitious sense, to denote the mysterious and baneful influence which certain human beings are believed to exercise (as in Hawker's 'The Evil Eye is again at work here'); when, as always in the Bible, it is used in an ethical sense, is there good reason to depart from the meaning of *envy*—the dark

and evil passion which grudges and grieves at another's good? This is the commonly accepted, and, as it seems to me, the adequate interpretation of the phrase. Gould's comment on ὀφθαλμὸς πονηρός in Mk 7^{22} (I.C.C.) is 'a Hebrew expression for *envy*.' Moffatt *in loco* translates the phrase 'envying.' Similarly Swete remarks that ὀφθαλμὸς πονηρός is akin to φθόνος, 'but wider in meaning; the self-seeking which, not satisfied with appropriating more than its share (πλεονεξία), grudges, and, where it can, withholds, diverts, or spoils that which falls to another.' Not a bad description of envy's mode of working. Trench writes: 'We do not find φθόνος in the comprehensive catalogue of sins at Mk $7^{21.22}$; but this envy . . . could not, in one shape or other, be absent; its place is supplied by a circumlocution, ὀφθαλμὸς πονηρός (cf. Ecclus $14^{8.10}$), but one putting it in connexion with the Latin "invidia," which is derived, as Cicero observes (Tusc. 3^{9}) "a nimis INTUENDO fortunam alterius"; cf. Mt 20^{15}; and 1 S 18^{9}: "Saul *eyed*," *i.e.* envied, "David"' (N.T. Syns.).

The connexion of envy with the eyes is traditional. 'Evil is he that envieth with his eye' says the son of Sirach (14^{8}). In the Purgatorio the envious (invidiosi) are punished with blindness, their eyelids being sewn up with wire:

'As profits not the blind the sun at noon,
so to the shades who sat where I have said,
the light of Heaven will not confer its boon;
For pierces all their lids an iron thread,
and sews them up, as to a savage hawk
is done, since it will not be quieted.'
(Purg. 13^{67-72}).

But the connexion of envy with the eyes is more than traditional; it is implicit or explicit in the word itself, as the citation from Trench reminds us. For the word 'envy' is but the Latin word 'invidia' writ short, and invidia comes, as Cicero said, from too much looking at the good of another. The corresponding verb, *invideo*, means 'to look askance at, to look maliciously or spitefully at, to cast an evil eye upon' (Lewis and Short). Thus envy is the evil eye looking askance at another's good, and the two expressions appear to be equivalent.

J. DUNCAN PERCY.
Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

Entre Nous.

'The Expository Times,' 1942-1943.

The Editors are glad that at present it is not necessary to make any announcement about further reductions in the size of the magazine or any alteration in it from a monthly to a bi-monthly publication.

It will be noted that this month with Professor Gossip's *The Liberality and Sympathy of God* we begin a few studies on 'Inspired English Translations.'

From time to time further Reconstruction Problems will appear, and in December we hope to start a series of articles on the many New Cults which are springing up. Further information about this will be given later.

Jesus Christ the Same.

We welcome an English edition of Professor James Moffatt's Shaffer Lectures—*Jesus Christ the Same* (6s. net). It will be remembered that they appeared in America at the end of last year and we drew attention to them in our January and February issues. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to be congratulated on the form of the English edition. We quote a couple of paragraphs from the final section of the volume.

'A great Russian writer has drawn a little sketch of a divinity student warming himself at the fire in a humble cottage where he had taken shelter from the storm on his way home. Two peasant women were there, a mother and a daughter—both widows. They were strangers to him. So, to interest them and put them at their ease, he modestly began to tell the story of how the apostle Peter had once warmed himself at a fire, nineteen centuries ago, and how the Lord Jesus after being betrayed by Judas in the garden, had been three times denied by Peter. He looked up to find the women troubled and in tears over the tale, not because he had recited it quietly and naturally, but because they were absorbed in what Peter had felt, as though he were one of their own neighbours. And suddenly the student realized what had never occurred to him as he heard the gospel passage in the liturgy or studied it in the classroom. The emotion of these unlettered women was a revelation to him of how little time had to do with the gospel. As Chekhov puts it, when the lad watched the effect of the simple familiar story on the peasants, he had a thrill of warm joy in realizing for the first time how the past is linked to the present. It was as if he had seen both ends of an unbroken chain reaching from the far-off scene in Palestine to the cottage in Russia. As he went home through the cold, dark night, life now seemed to him full of mysterious hope and happiness; he was thrilled by the thought that what had moved human life nineteen centuries earlier in the courtyard of the high priest at Jerusalem and in the garden of Gethsemane had somehow continued to that day without a break, and was evidently the supreme thing in human life. What did time matter, he thought, compared to this truth of truths?

'So, through the written account of Jesus, as the inner history of vital Christianity proves for nineteen centuries, there passes into men and women, learned and uneducated, ordinary and gifted, the realization of his lasting, living presence; he becomes the unchanging Lord in touch with those who live in change.'

Evil.

Professor Joad, in a contribution to the *Evening Standard*, writes: 'Like most of my intellectual generation, progressive, optimistic, left wing, I had been trained to regard evil as a by-product of circumstance; of economic circumstance and of psychological. . . .

'I can believe this no more. The evil in the world to-day is too widespread and obtrusive, our noses are being rubbed too firmly into it, to enable us to take any longer so easy a view of its nature and origin. . . .

'Evil, then—there seems no escape from the conclusion—is endemic in the heart of man. But to believe in the reality of evil and to have no recourse against it save such as lies in the sporadic efforts of one's own will and the slender integrity of one's own judgment, that is, for me, a frankly intolerable position.

'There must, one feels, be some outside source from which assistance can be invoked. "So there is," says religion, "there is God, and if, believing, you pray to Him, grace will be vouchsafed, whereby evil may be resisted." Hence arises the paradox, that one is driven to believe in the existence of a benevolent and participating God, precisely because of the fact of evil.'

Emlyn Williams.

In the July number of *Theology* Mr. H. G. Emmet, Assistant Curate of St. Peter's Church, Leicester, writes on 'The Theological Problem in Mr. Emlyn Williams'—one of the most popular of our modern playwrights. Mr. Emmet contrasts his two plays *The Light of Heart* and *The Morning Star*. 'In *The Light of Heart* Mr. Williams presents us with a "wonky" machine—Maddoc—a fine actor and a drunkard, who gives way to that temptation every time things do not go entirely to plan; a fine man who goes wrong. In *The Morning Star* he presents us with a whole factory which has gone wrong, or, rather, which "is" wrong. In *The Light of Heart* we dealt with individuals. In *The Morning Star* we are dealing with society. In one of the most brilliant passages of this play, written as only Mr. Williams can write, Cliff, a young and clever doctor, gives a description of what it feels like to dig bodies out of a hospital which has been "blitzed": "Pathology Lab, deep X-ray plant, new west-wing theatre. Smashed, smashed, smashed" (those three words are the most brilliant-spoken words of the whole play). "It was like the end of the world. . . . And yet there we were, shouting, larking, lugging people out, digging, bandaging, finding the bandaging was a waste of time—then on to something else, quick, don't think. . . . I put my hand into a dark corner and touched a man's head: the line of scalp along the parting felt warm to the touch, beautifully warm; somebody's alive, thank God . . . it was the only incurable case I had. . . . Don't think—quick, on to something else, don't think. . . ." And so it goes on until at last he leaves the hospital and begins to go home. "And I started thinking, quite unashamed, about God . . . and I thought, there *is* something, very high up, very far away, high up over the balloon barrage, high up over the jerry planes, watching us, hard, and saying: 'Stop asking why it all has to be, you'll know in my own time; the only thing that interests me is, are you going to lie down, or are you going to stick together and fight?'"

'What a "public" question this is, and one showing a keen insight into the mind of the community, for it is a public opinion. Here we are confronted with a world that is wrong, and yet with the conviction that a God exists who is a God of Love and a God of Mercy and a God of Justice. But if Mr. Williams asks this very relevant question he fails to give a satisfactory answer. For what purpose are we to stick together?'

The Great Affairs of Heaven.

'The evident cause of our childish and undesirable heaven is that we have not paid sufficient attention to the life beyond to understand either its problems or its challenges. In our common experience this life is so much more interesting, so far more worth while, that we think of heaven disparagingly and enter it reluctantly. . . .

'The deep fact that Christ has always been and is still actively engaged in His wondrous task of moral leadership and human redemption does not have an adequate place in our thought. Our concept of Him is too static; too much involving a sense of completeness. We think with much unworthiness of our Redeeming Lord if we picture His heavenly employment as chiefly given to sitting in judgment upon the delinquencies of His disciples. It is no disparagement of Christ's judicial functions to suggest that His greatest ministry to-day is His continuing work of redemption. And this ministry is not to be limited to this world alone. . . .

'Vast stretches of moral achievement will surely await our conquest. For the great majority of mankind only some slight beginnings in spiritual growth have been made. The dominant experience of all thoughtful persons is that of incompleteness. Our imperfections are constantly shadowing our journey. Our bitterest tears have been over our moral shortcomings. To continue forever in some external heaven with these unlovely immaturities is unthinkable. . . .

'The achievement of a divine society in the world to come will be a task thrilling enough to challenge the most adventuring; hard enough to tempt the most heroic; great enough to provide employment for ages to come. And it is to this infinitely good and great ideal of a divine family that God has dedicated the children of His love.'[1]

[1] Morris H. Turk, *They Live*, 81 ff.

Printed in Scotland by Morrison & Gibb Limited, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. Clark, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to The Editor, King's Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.